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SEE COUPON ON PAGE 29.



# HUSTLER®

VOLUME 12 NUMBER 7

january

---

5 Hot Letters

---

9 Feedback

---

13 Comic Relief *by Lotus Weinstock*

---

15 Bits and Pieces *Million-Dollar Muffs, Generic Slut . . . and More.*  
*Edited by Lonn M. Friend*

---

23 HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment



30 Sabrina: Wet Beat *Photography by Clive McLean*

---

38 Earthquake: The Death of Los Angeles  
*Report by Roderick Thorp*

---

42 Ms. Nude America 1985 *Photography by James Baes and Ladi von Jansky*

---

52 Cheri: High-Rise Cowgirl  
*Centerfold Photography by James Baes*

---

64 HUSTLER Humor

---

66 The Arrangement *Fiction by Peter Eklund*

---

72 Come On In, The Water's Fine  
*Photography by Clive McLean*

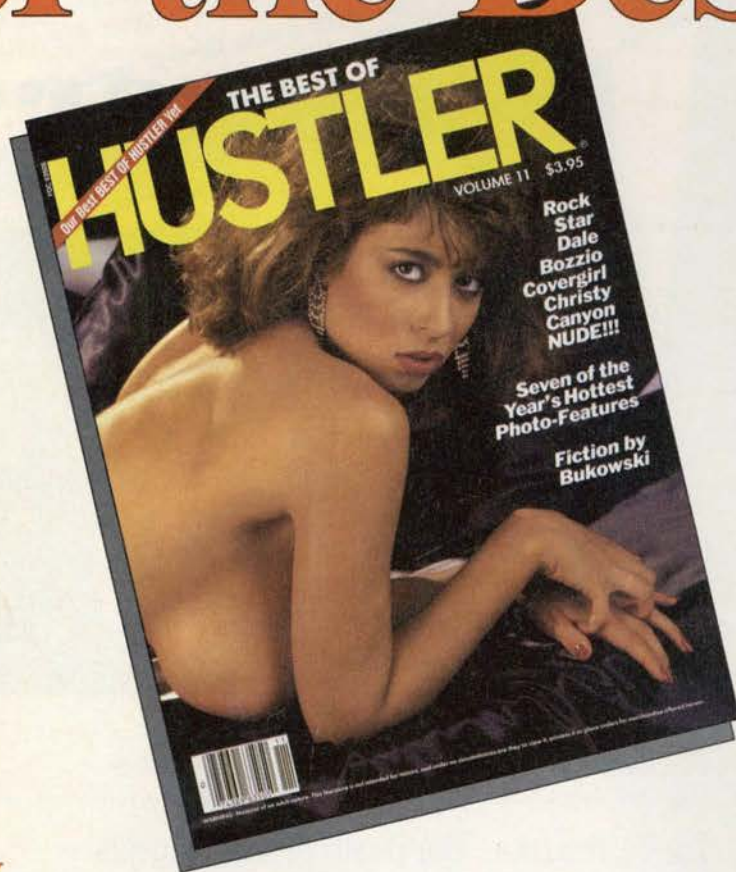
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85 Beaver Hunt *Xmas Gifts Unwrapped*





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# HOT LETTERS

## DRIVE-IN BONDAGE

I'm a 24-year-old college senior in a small-town university, and I recently began dating a luscious young high-school girl. She may be only 17, but she's more woman than many girls twice her age!

Alexian is strikingly beautiful. Her raven-black hair is cut in a heavy-metal-style shag and streaked with silver. Freckles dot her small, shapely nose, and her deep, coal-black eyes send shivers of desire to my groin with every sultry glance. Her 39-26-34 frame seems almost top-heavy with huge, bouncing tits, and her well-muscled thighs and legs look like those of a gymnast after years of continuous exercise.

Last night I invited Alex out to the local drive-in. She accepted and, when I picked her up, she strutted out to my car wearing a very sheer red blouse, a short leather miniskirt and high heels. She also carried a large black purse that bulged mysteriously.

When we arrived at the show, we found a secluded stall way in the back and began to watch the movie. Little did I know I'd never get to see the second feature. About a quarter into the first movie Alex slid closer and whispered in my ear that she had a pleasant surprise in store for me. She told me to just relax and close my eyes.

As I did so, my stiffening cock throbbed in anticipation of her sexual delights. Fortunately, I didn't have to wait long before Alex satisfied my growing curiosity! The next thing I knew she roughly grabbed my wrists and pulled them behind my back. Her intent became clear when I felt rope being tied tightly around them. I began to protest, but a piece of cloth with a very large knot in it was quickly forced into my mouth. Alex then tore my trousers off, releasing my now-erect cock glistening with my own pre-cum juices.

I watched in helpless fascination as she pulled out an extremely long piece of

rope from her purse and expertly tied my feet together. Next she pulled out a third piece of rope, also fairly long, and tied it around the base of my dick several times. With the unused ends of the rope she fashioned a leash. My prick immediately turned a subtle purple, straining against its bondage. I could see clear seminal fluid oozing from my penis, flowing down the sides like transparent lava.

Alex finally pulled a white scarf out of her purse and tied it tightly around my



face. I sat there for a few moments, stark naked and bound hand and foot, and wondered what would happen next.

Suddenly, I felt several sharp tugs on my balls, and with each yank my whole body jerked uncontrollably from the pain. After a while I was moaning through the gag, tears dampening my blindfold, but at the same time my body shook in torrid arousal from the strange pleasure derived from the pain, and my cock threatened to spurt its hot sperm all over my chest. I found myself enjoying the thought of being the sex slave of a 17-year-old nymphomaniac.

Alex ordered me into the passenger seat while she jumped in front behind the wheel. "Let's go for a drive, lover,"

she cooed as I struggled frantically at my bonds. Here I was, naked as a jaybird, and she wanted to go for a drive! She just laughed at my efforts and gave my dick one last tug before starting the engine.

Horror passed through my mind when she said we were driving through the main streets of town. In a sense I felt degraded, being put on display, and perhaps even a little humiliated. Yet at the same time I felt incredibly turned on that Alex thought enough of me to want to show me off.

After a while she finally stopped and removed my blindfold. I could see that she'd parked in a secluded spot below a public park, down on a dirt road. Alex got out and pulled a soft blanket from the trunk of the car. The full moon and bright stars allowed me to watch her as she spread out the blanket on a soft grassy area about 20 feet away in an open area. She came back and pulled me out of the car by my balls and, keeping the leash tight, she made me hop over to the blanket. Once I got there, she ordered me to my knees and began a slow, sensuous striptease. Totally naked at last, with the entrancing moon tracing the contours of her gorgeous body, Alex lay down in front of me and put a leg on each of my shoulders, proudly displaying her deliciously wide-open cunt.

Alex reached down with one hand and placed a thumb on her clit, two fingers in her juicy snatch and the other two fingers in her puckered asshole. With the other hand she massaged her tits, her nipples standing out at least a half inch from her areolas. She fucked herself, one hand on her breasts and the other moving in and out of her cunt and ass, until she started to moan with excitement. How I wanted to get my hands on her!

She eventually got on her hands and knees and backed her fantastic butt up to me. Adjusting her hips, Alex impaled her dripping pussy on my aching cock, and I slid in easily. She moved back and forth slowly, giving me a bird's-eye view of my glistening dick moving effortlessly in and



out of her. I grunted through the gag as her tight little asshole contracted and relaxed with each thrust of my prick in her cunt. How I longed to fuck that teasing rear passage! Within minutes I blasted off into orgasmic heaven, shooting my seed into her frothy channel.

Alex quickly got up and tugged once again on my leash. Forced to hop, my semi-erect penis smacked against my stomach with each bounce. She led me to an area between two small trees, swiftly tied me spread-eagle between them, then disappeared into the woods. She returned moments later with a wicked smile. "I was going to piss over in the bushes," she said, "but I decided I'd save it for you." She suddenly turned around, bent down with her back to me and uri-

When I was finally free, we walked back to my car with our arms around each other—neither of us speaking, just savoring our incredible experience together. After getting dressed, I drove her home. When I walked her to the door and kissed her good-night, she gently squeezed my crotch. "That's so you won't forget who's boss," she whispered. "Maybe next time, though, I'll let you tie me up."

I drove away feeling the ache in my limbs and dreaming of what I'd do to her on our next date.

—S. G.

Independence, Missouri

## FUCK FOR THREE

I experienced a kinky sexual adventure two nights ago that makes my cock stiff



*I reached down and grabbed a handful of her hair and shoved her all the way down onto my cock.*

nated all over my legs and pubic area. The warmth of her pee and the sight of her squatting in front of me sent waves of excitement rippling through my cock.

Then without hesitation Alex dropped to her knees and started to suck my quivering rod. She reached around my body and stuck her middle finger up my asshole and started to caress my prostate. Had I been able to move, I'm sure I would've fainted in ecstasy. It took only a few strokes of her slippery tongue to make me come again—not as strongly as the first time, but filling her mouth with my white cream.

Alex then licked my cock and balls clean, and very slowly started to untie me.

and hard when I think back. It all started when I met this cute little blonde in the supermarket and struck up a conversation. Stacy was gorgeous. Her lemon-color tube top molded itself around her large, firm tits, and I could tell her perky nipples were erect as we spoke. She also wore a pair of skintight white jeans that showed off every delicate fold of her luscious cunt lips. We flirted for a while, and I eventually got her phone number.

Since I was dying to fuck her brains out, I called her the very next night. To my surprise, however, a different young lady answered. We talked for a while, and I found out she was Stacy's roommate, Jennifer. Jennifer informed me that

Stacy wasn't home at the moment and suggested I come by their place in about an hour. I said I'd be there as soon as possible.

When I knocked on the door a few minutes later, it was answered by a statuesque brunette who introduced herself as Jennifer. As I stepped inside their apartment, I spotted Stacy sitting on a nearby couch, and I handed Jennifer a cold bottle of champagne that I'd bought for the occasion. Stacy asked me to come sit down by her, and we chatted for a while as Jennifer went for glasses. A few moments later Jennifer returned, poured the champagne and sat down on the other side of me. Suddenly, the girls began to giggle.

"We've got a confession to make," said Stacy shyly. "We don't usually go out with men."

Of course, my jaw hit the floor. I'd read about lesbians before and heard about them, but I was surprised to find out that I would be so attracted to one. Jennifer quickly explained that they had been toying with the idea of asking a man to join them so they could have the best of both worlds. They weren't lesbians, they said; they were bisexuals. When Stacy ran into me in the market, she thought I'd be perfect to join their little fuck festivities. Catching my breath, I assured them I'd be happy to. The two girls just smiled, took my hands and led me toward their bedroom.

Immediately they started stripping off my clothes. Once I was completely naked, they lay me back down on the bed and started undressing each other. I had an idea what Stacy looked like from when I saw her the previous day; her clothes didn't leave much to the imagination. But when I saw her undressed, I was awestruck! And Jennifer was just as mouthwatering. Her tits were medium-size, but her nipples were enormous and hard, betraying her high state of excitement. She was deeply tanned all over—not even a strap mark—and when her panties came off, I was in for an even bigger treat. She was shaved as smooth and sweet as a ripe peach!

Stacy dipped her middle finger between those hairless lips and gently massaged her clit while Jennifer bent down beside me and slid her mouth around my rock-hard cock. I could easily watch as Stacy began to tongue-lash her lover's hairless bronze mound. I could almost taste it as her tongue dipped into Jennifer's moist tunnel. At the same time, Jen-



nifer's head bobbed on my meat, and I felt her wet mouth suck the head at the top of each stroke.

All of a sudden Jennifer rolled over and stuck her ass up in the air toward me. Stacy crawled under her and pulled Jenny's face down against her slick blond muff. As I moved in behind Jennifer, Stacy grabbed my dick and guided it into her roommate's hot cunt. In one easy motion I sank in up to my balls in that slippery crack. I could hear Jennifer lapping at Stacy's tender pussy while she wiggled that tight snatch around my fat rod. Stacy reached up and gently sucked my balls as they slapped her friend's ass. I began to steadily build the rhythm of my strokes, and with each one I could feel Jennifer's tight hole pulling at my member. As I heard Stacy start to moan around my balls, Jennifer picked up the pace and began to really pound back onto my cock. Her head came up from between Stacy's thighs, her cheeks glistening with Stacy's pussy cream, and let out a tremendous moan. I slammed into her a few more times, and Jennifer screamed, "Fuck me, fuck me hard! I'm coming!"

I felt her powerful pelvic muscles lock onto my prick, and I thought she was going to tear it off. I rammed it all the way in and waited for her to relax. When her cunt finally released me, she fell forward onto her face. She lay there, groaning softly.

As soon as Jennifer fell, Stacy climbed onto her ass and backed up to my waiting manhood. "Put it up my ass," she demanded. "I want to feel your hard cock stretching my bunghole!"

She backed up and put the head of my dork right up against her tight little sphincters. I grabbed hold of Stacy's hips and slammed it into her. A grunt escaped her lips as I immediately started to hump her butt. Every time I pumped into her, a deep growl rumbled in her throat, and my cock burned from the friction we were setting up. She was so tight, I wanted to keep fucking those soft, sweet buns forever, and Stacy seemed to be getting tighter with every stroke. She tossed her head back and moaned softly. I knew she'd be coming soon.

In the meantime Jennifer had recovered and was on her knees beside us, gently squeezing my nuts. I knew I wasn't going to hold out much longer. I could feel the burning sensation signaling the beginning of my orgasm, and I could tell it was going to be a big one.

Stacy started to spasm on the end of my rod. Her muscles were squeezing me, milking me, trying to coax the jizz from my balls. Suddenly, Stacy reared back and screamed in orgasmic abandon. The sounds of her coming drove me almost to the edge. As Stacy collapsed onto the bed, my dripping prick slipped from her asshole. I grabbed it and pointed it at Jennifer's face. "Eat me, you fucking lez," I yelled. "Suck me dry."

Jennifer opened her mouth reluctantly and took just the head in. I could feel her hot tongue licking all around it while her teeth gently scraped the sensitive underside. It wouldn't be long now—Jennifer was driving me wild.

I reached down and grabbed a handful of her hair and shoved her all the way down onto my cock. She gagged at first, but she eventually took it all without a whimper. I could feel the jism rising in my balls, and she started pumping faster and sucking harder. All of a sudden I was there. I groaned as I filled her mouth with my fiery load, and Jennifer never broke her rhythm. I could feel my wad gushing into her mouth, and I looked down in time to see her licking the last of my cum off the softening head of my dick. These girls were fantastic!

The three of us fucked and sucked the rest of the night, and the very next morning I moved in with them. I know I'll never regret it!

—C. S.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

## FLICK FUCK

My husband and I love to fuck while watching a good hard-core movie. We're always searching for some new sexual frontier to explore, and last week we found our most exciting kink yet.

We strolled into our usual video store and took extra care to pick out a real exciting flick. On the way home in the car I opened Ron's fly and began sucking on his hardening cock until I could taste the ultimate—warm, sweet juicy jism. As the sweet liquid slid down my throat, I could barely keep my hot, dripping pussy from exploding right then and there!

Pulling into the driveway, we waved hello to our elderly neighbors sitting outside, then rushed into the apartment to begin our fun-filled evening at home.

We slid the tape into our videocassette recorder and helped each other slide out of our clothes. As Ron slipped off my blouse, my nipples rose to attention, and he lightly kissed and squeezed my breasts. My clit began to throb.

The movie began with an average-looking woman making love to herself. As she stroked her breasts and poked at her shimmering pussy, I did the same. Ron watched me make love to myself and got really excited. His dick began to grow hard, and he began stroking it, first gently and then very roughly. We both cli-

(continued on page 48)

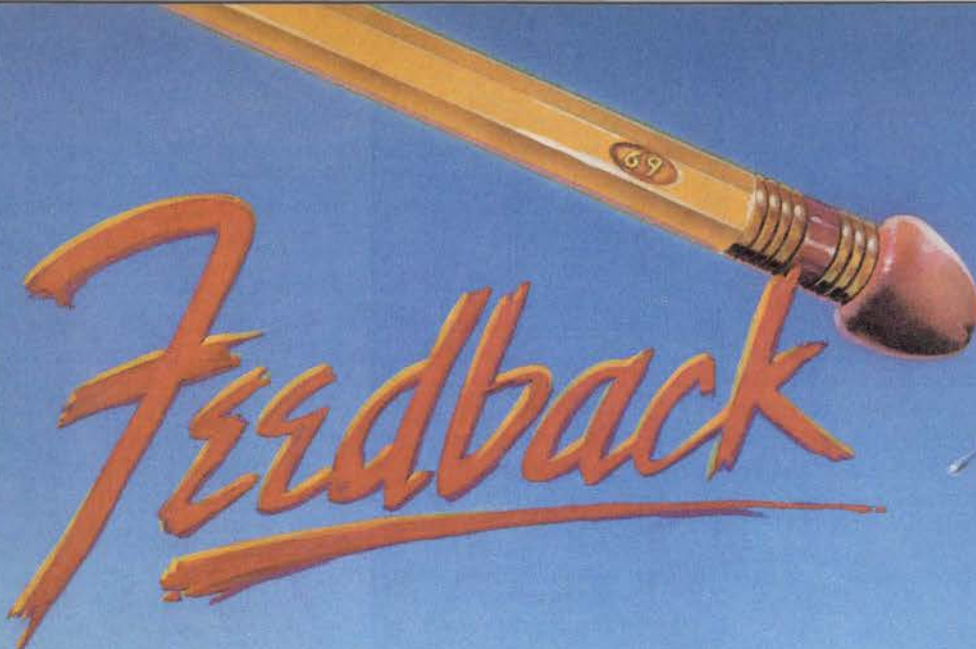
*As the woman in the movie stroked her breasts and poked at her shimmering pussy, I did the same.*











### CONS' COMMENTS:

I am writing this with a deep sense of anger and resentment toward our free and open society! I am incarcerated at the Kentucky State Penitentiary, and I'm a subscriber to your magazine.

I am enclosing the rejection slip I received, denying me my November '85 issue of HUSTLER due to a pictorial involving the "gang rape of a female correctional officer." I went to the mail window to find out what the problem was and who had authorized the reading and censorship of my magazine. The response was less than cordial when I was informed that the senior captain had authorized it and was not available to discuss the matter with me. I even went as far as requesting that the so-called offending pages be cut out and to let me see the rest of the issue. I was flatly refused on both requests.

This institution is under a federal court order, or "consent decree," ruled on, signed and put into effect more than four years ago. The administration has continued to deny mail censorship, which by the ruling they can only inspect for contraband. Sure, the administration has been thumbing their noses at the court order since it was written, and from my observation the court doesn't give a damn! If I am authorized to order a magazine, and I send a state check off my own account, then who has the right to censor me?!

I've watched the police kill, most recently in South Africa, where an undercover cop got murdered on the nightly news. Does this mean that everyone who watches the news will jump up and go out and kill a cop?

—Name Withheld  
Kentucky State Penitentiary  
Eddyville, Kentucky

*to the prison population, a clear-cut violation of their Constitutional rights.*

I recently got my hands on a copy of a HUSTLER rag, the May '85 issue to be precise. In it I found a shocking and totally fucking disgusting item in your *Bits and Pieces* section. Do you recall "Food for Thought"?

I'm looking at it now. Gag me with a fucking switchblade! The picture shows a few starving Africans sitting down to dine on a human body, and not just any human body, but a child! Though it is only an illusion, check this. . . .

We are hard-timing it with assholes who have actually committed some kind of sick crime on children, such as murder, maiming, molestation and, yes, even cannibalism. Fortunately, some won't live to regret the day of their psychopathic

deed! After all, we do have a prison code of ethics we have to live by! Your *Bits and Pieces* item implies more than I think you realize, and I hope you will refrain from printing such tasteless and tactless material in the future.

—Uncontrollable Convict  
California Institution for Women  
Chino, California

### ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS:

I have just finished reading Timothy Leary's *Onward Christian Soldiers* in your October '85 issue. There are indeed a number of points that I as a reasonably intelligent individual can agree with. However, I take serious opposition to his comments in the paragraph titled "The Recent Rehabilitation of the Freebooter Ethos."

I am, in fact, a member of the American Legion, the National Rifle Association and, coincidentally, am from the South. Therefore, according to Mr. Leary, I am most assuredly a dyed-in-the-wool "redneck" who gets his kicks from wasting people. This sort of characterization and defamation of a whole group of people should be contrary to all principles of responsible journalism. I would think Mr. Leary, being a man of some measure of intellect, would engage his brain before putting his mouth into gear. That's what we Southern "rednecks" say to someone who has just said something stupid.

—L. M.  
Chatsworth, Georgia



Carolyn: A Star Is Found

*We receive countless letters like the one above from prisoners all over the country whose copies of HUSTLER are either censored or denied*



### BLACKLASH BACKLASH:

I just had to write you about the beautiful black lady in your October '85 photo-set called *Blacklash*. I think she is fantastic, from her head to her red spike heels. I love to be dominated by a sexy lady. My fantasy is to be this girl's slave and do her every command. Please, let's see more of her to come.

—C. B.

Sikeston, Montana

You generally have some good articles and layouts, but the so-called girl-feature *Blacklash* is blatant crap! I don't know whose idea this part of the October '85 issue was, but they have something wrong with them. The best thing that ever happened to the American Negro is the white man! There is no welfare in Ethiopia, Mali or those other dipshit African countries. Of course, except for the areas colonized by white settlers, there is no civilization. The white race sets the pace, always has, always will. —Charles Johnston  
Los Angeles, California

### PORNPOURRI:

*HUSTLER's Erotic Entertainment* section is most helpful to me while shopping for adult videocassettes. I have rarely been disappointed with a film you've rated Fully Erect. I also use the descriptions in your "Pornpourri" column when I shop. The distinction between theater releases

and tapes is irrelevant, since I don't go to X-rated-movie houses.

I have a suggestion. Why not rate the "Pornpourri" reviews, using the same criteria (such as Fully Erect, etc.) as you do with X-rated films? When I find movies from both columns on the shelf, my choice between them could be made more objectively if I had a common basis for selection. Your other readers would also welcome this improvement.

—S. A.

North Little Rock, Arkansas

*Thanks for a great idea. We are rating videos beginning with this issue. See pages 26-28.*

### GINGER LYNN:

I really enjoyed your interview with Ginger Lynn (October '85), but she is spoiled. Why? Because in her line of work she gets fucked by all these big long fat cocks. Well, Miss Lynn, I hope you read this, for my average six inches is just as good as the big ones you get onscreen. Sure, I'd love to have an extra few inches. Miss Lynn, my cock can bring you off anytime. Just name the place and time next summer, and I'll be there to give you a good fucking. I'll even do it in front of a camera. I wait for your reply.

—J. S.

Mount Morris, Pennsylvania

Thanks for the Ginger Lynn interview in your October '85 issue. The young lady

sure seems to have that beautiful head of hers on right! I must admit that when I first saw Ginger in a flick, I thought she was just another blond bimbo porn actress strung out on dope. My most humble apologies, Miss Lynn! After reading the interview with her, my opinion has certainly changed.

Like all other horny American males, to be as blunt as can be, I'd love to make it with Ginger Lynn! She's in most of my sex fantasies when I'm jerking off! But with a face, body and obvious intelligence like she possesses, man, she ought to be in mainstream films and TV!

What a treat it'd be to bump into Ginger Lynn sometime! —Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

Boy, have I got a surprise for Ginger Lynn! She made it more than clear in her recent interview that actors who were bisexual or had ever had sex with another man were off limits to her. However, in the same interview she expressed her desire to work with the great John Holmes again. Guess what? That's right. Old King Dong himself was in at least one all-male video (*The Private Pleasures of John Holmes*), and he was a very eager participant.

Break the news to her gently, or Ginger just might snap.

—W. P.

Greenville, North Carolina

### RAMBO:

Your November '85 *Asshole of the Month* column on Sylvester Stallone stunk. Where do you get off knocking him, when you do the same thing? Seems like you're the ones into violence, hypocrisy and exploitation. Look at that issue's photo-feature *Revenge of the Prisoners* and your rape cartoons. Looks like you exploit women.

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

*Far from exploiting women, our photo-features show them as true sexual beings. As for the prison pictorial, it presented a female fantasy, not the exploitation or degradation of a woman. And our rape cartoons draw attention to a serious problem, not condone it.*

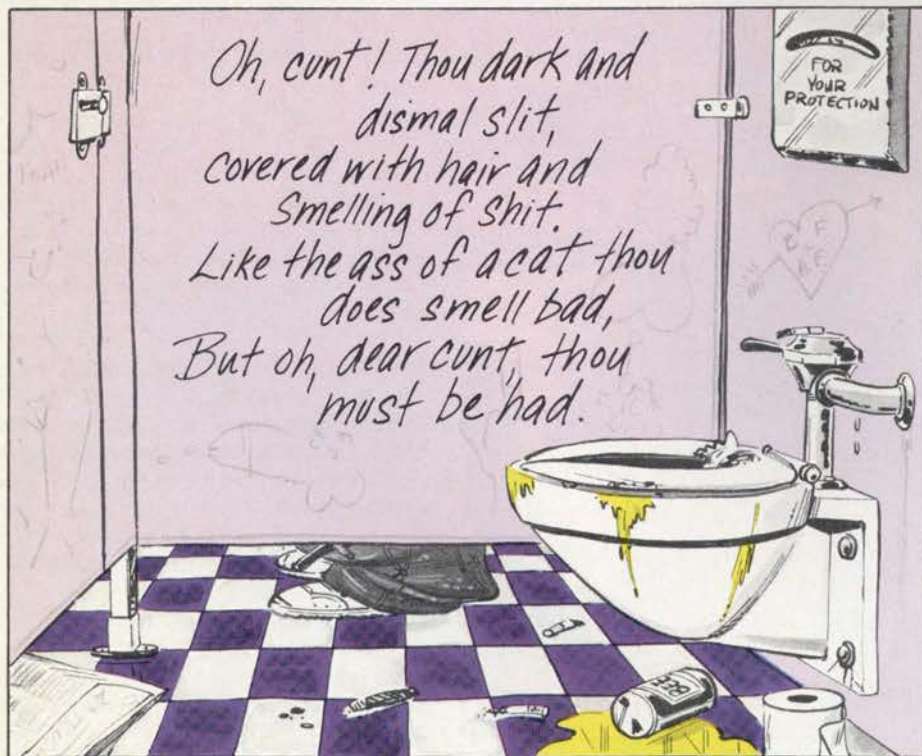
### HEAVY METAL:

Lately I've been hearing something that has me totally pissed off, and I've decided to ask you and your readers for help. I've been hearing a lot of shit coming down on heavy-metal music. This is the ultimate in musical expression. Don't get me wrong; I like all forms of music, but heavy metal is it for me.

Onto what I would like to know. I've seen all the preachers and so-called experts with their know-it-all groups who want to rule our lives. How can these assholes condemn something they don't even understand? My God, this is America,

(continued on page 14)

# GRAFFILTHY



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## THIS MONTH'S TOP 40

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 TEN LITTLE MAIDENS ★       | <input type="checkbox"/> 21 NOTHING TO HIDE        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 SEX WAVES                  | <input type="checkbox"/> 22 PINK LAGOON            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 NEW WAVE HOOKERS           | <input type="checkbox"/> 23 ALICE IN WONDERLAND    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4 STIFF COMPETITION          | <input type="checkbox"/> 24 PRETTY AS YOU FEEL     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5 GRAFENBERG SPOT            | <input type="checkbox"/> 25 TITILLATION            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6 GIRLS ON FIRE              | <input type="checkbox"/> 26 REAR ACTION GIRLS      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 7 BAD GIRLS III              | <input type="checkbox"/> 27 IRRESISTIBLE           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8 CAUGHT FROM BEHIND         | <input type="checkbox"/> 28 SUZIE SUPERSTAR        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 9 L'AMOUR                    | <input type="checkbox"/> 29 TABOO                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 BROWN SUGAR               | <input type="checkbox"/> 30 TRINITY BROWN          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 11 FIRESTORM                 | <input type="checkbox"/> 31 DESIRE                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 EVERY WOMAN HAS A FANTASY | <input type="checkbox"/> 32 SURRENDER IN PARADISE  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 13 INSATIABLE II             | <input type="checkbox"/> 33 DEVIL IN MISS JONES II |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 14 PLEASURE HUNT             | <input type="checkbox"/> 34 TALK DIRTY TO ME III   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 15 DEEP THROAT               | <input type="checkbox"/> 35 SCOUNDRELS             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 16 IN LOVE                   | <input type="checkbox"/> 36 THROAT 12 YEARS AFTER  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 17 SEX WORLD                 | <input type="checkbox"/> 37 X-FACTOR               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 18 INTIMATE COUPLES          | <input type="checkbox"/> 38 DEBBIE DOES DALLAS     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 19 1001 EROTIC NIGHTS        | <input type="checkbox"/> 39 BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 20 SWEET YOUNG FOXES         | <input type="checkbox"/> 40 MISTY BEETHOVEN        |

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—Leif Jenericsen

# VIDCO: ALL NIGHT LONG



**C**omedienne Lotus Weinstock's brand of humor touches taboos with the intent to demystify them for sanity's sake! The author of the popular comedy book *The Lotus Position* raises funds for important women's causes, including the Los Angeles Commission on Assault Against Women, and is writing a film (in which she and her daughter will star).

It was September 23, 1983, 3 a.m. I'd been living in L.A. for about a year; so life in the busy lane had created its own routine. As usual, I'd caught the comic on Carson and skimmed through *People* magazine while half-listening to Letterman. I fade out during the news reruns; so the test pattern was hissing. (I love to sleep under pressure.) My husband, who lives five blocks away (we like it that way), usually calls around 2:10 a.m. to tell me to turn off the TV so I don't die from radiation. He didn't call, but I wouldn't have heard the phone anyway. It must have been 103° in the bedroom—one of those California Indian-summer nights during which I must be near death before I am blessed with the mercy of sleep. Because of the heat I opened my sliding window to about five inches. I put the dowel my husband gave me for such occasions at the bottom and adjusted the lock at the top. I lay down on the bed, kicked away the covers and removed my "Say Yes to Life" T-shirt before drifting into the quasars. I must have been out there for 45 minutes when a prowler wandered down the foot-wide alley leading to the gas meters under my bedroom window. Peering through my gingham curtains, the ones you can see through if you really want to, he viewed my sleeping form. He then lifted the sliding window out of its slot and wedged it forward!

Okay, I know it sounds like I was asking for it. After all, I was in my bedroom with no clothes on. I should have been sleeping in the shower—fully dressed. Suddenly, I felt a tap on my shoulder, and I looked up to see a man I had never before in this life seen. Well, since it's this life I'm currently worried about losing, I said, "Agghh!" To which he replied, "Don't scream or I'll kill you." Well, this man had removed all my choices! I had no choice but to get to know him immediately. And yet, like all of life's paradoxes, within the realm of that choicelessness I still had the choice as to how I was going to handle it!

At first I thought I should sing, "Whenever I feel afraid, I hold my head erect." Then I thought, *That's a poor choice! I don't think I want to say erect in front of this man!* I considered asking the casual, "So where ya from?," but I figured if he really knew where "home" was, he probably wouldn't be in my house! Finally, it came to me. Go for something you have in common. Now, what in heaven could that be? God! Talk about the creator that created both of you! More choices! Should I talk five Books of Moses? Koran? Buddha? Allah?

No!! How about Jesus, plain, sweet Jesus? It's real hard to stay horny when you're talking Jesus. Unless, of course, you're from Tijuana, and you're used to making it under a Day-Glo print of the Last Supper.

I kept repeating: "Jesus loves you! He wants you to go! If you go, it will be a blessing! If you stay, it will be hell for eternity!"

It wasn't like I was trying to usurp his power. I just wanted him to use it wisely. I actually got the intruder to admit he believed in GOD—just before he put a pillow over my head, at which time I said in muffled tones, "I'm beginning to lose trust in you," which may sound like an understatement considering this relationship had no chance from the start, though it was clear to me that he hadn't accepted the fact.

He kept repeating, "What's your name, baby?" More choices! I didn't say Lotus because I thought he might think it was too '60s

HUSTLER JANUARY



and want to kill me. I considered saying Mary, but I thought virgins might be his specialty. So I said Marlene, which is the name my mother gave me. Then he told me he was leaving as he straddled me! I thought, *Mmmm, this is not the way to the door!*

I couldn't believe it had progressed to this stage. I usually pattern my crises to stop on this side of "real" danger. I mean, we're talking major scar tissue on my daughter's memory if she wakes up. I knew then why I'd never asked for any favors from the universe! I was saving it up for this moment. I mean, I'd been in a karmic holding pattern for 12 years—practicing harmlessness ever since my change in consciousness.

Suddenly, I felt a new vibration—like a zipper being opened. I wasn't certain if it belonged to the universal portfolio or my intruder's fly! In any case I knew the conditions were changing. Out of nowhere I heard another voice screaming, "Move one inch, you son of a bitch, and I'll blow your fuckin' brains all over the wall!" At first I thought it was my husband who had come to kill me 'cause he'd found me in bed with a black man. *What if it's the police, and they do shoot his brains out? His brains are so close to mine.* It was the sheriffs. Big sheriffs—I was so glad they were "macho-macho-men."

My intruder was now curled up at the bottom of my bed like a worm in its pre-cocoon mode. I flew into my daughter's room. I grabbed her, kissed her, threw her into the closet and said, "Everything's fine." (Which is what I always do when everything's fine!)

The sound of breaking glass and orders to open the front door confused me momentarily. I was still naked. Should I think about cellulite at a time like this? I think not. So I fluffed my hair out wider than my thighs and opened the door. "Thank you, officers. I love you. I'm sorry about the '60s. I never called you pigs. I don't think you killed Lenny Bruce."

Thank you, thank you, Jesus. You do save people.

Thank you, standup comedy. You taught me how to ride my adrenaline in the face of death.

And thank you, thank you, my upstairs neighbors for loving me as you'd love yourself. You're wonderful! And thank you for calling

(continued on page 14)




## COMIC RELIEF

(continued from page 13)

the sheriffs because you heard scratching at the window and a faint cry of distress. And thank you for being black so my daughter won't think a black man equals "Hurt Mommy." I was so exhilarated and so humbled by it all that I was filled with compassion for my intruder. I was certain he'd be born again. I really cared! I prayed, and he *was* born again . . . (but) to his wicked ways. He told the police that we'd met at the supermarket and that I'd invited him over.

Since then I've completed a martial-arts course called "Freeze or I'll Shoot Your Dick Off!" It sounds hostile, but it's not. The guy gets a five-second option to fall to his knees and say, "I'm being far too aggressive—could I phone the police?" I say, "Use a woman, go to hell."

Astonishingly, my intruder was sentenced to only a year in jail, for *attempted burglary!!!* I'll continue praying for him from my new apartment.

P.S. If after reading my story, it appears that I am making light of a serious issue, consider instead that I've merely put the issue in a light where I don't mind looking at it. It's enough that the rude intruder gained entrance to my home and nearly my body. My humor keeps him from entering my soul. 

## FEEDBACK

(continued from page 10)

home of the free. Well, I'd like to get my own group started, one that would fight these jerkoffs. People tell me I'm just wasting my breath. Well, dammit, I'm going to be heard.

There are a few jerks I'd like to get my hands on. One's a blond cunt journalist. I saw her on TV one time. I tried to call the station to voice my opinion and was told I couldn't speak if I was going to use profanity. What a crock.

Next on my list is Mr. Goody-Goody himself, Pat Boone. How dare he put down the Live Aid concert and say groups such as Black Sabbath, Judas Priest, Kiss, Twisted Sister and Motley Crue are into "sodomasochism, rape, incest, murder, suicide, drugs and, of course, the occult"? Well, I'm sorry if someone wants to worship Satan. It's their business. All this other stuff is a load of bullshit. I would like to meet him face to face. I'd do it on national TV just so I could tell him off.

For those of you out there who think I'm just some punk looking for a reason to rebel, you're wrong. I'm 22 years old and have a very respectable job. I was brought up to be outspoken, and I am.

—Vince

Seabrook, New Hampshire

We agree that would-be censors of rock music are a true menace, so much so that this month's co-Assholes of the Month are Tipper Gore and Susan Baker, two women who testified at Senate hearings on the subject. See page 15 of this issue.

## WHERE'S KINKY KORNER?

I have been a regular and faithful reader of HUSTLER Magazine for several years and have greatly enjoyed it from cover to cover, especially the *Kinky Korner* column. However, I was greatly disappointed that it was not included in the November '85 issue. I do hope that it will appear again on a regular basis in all future issues.

—D. R.

Idaho Falls, Idaho

In a way, *Kinky Korner* still lives. By popular demand we have resumed publishing erotic fiction, and our *Hot Letters* section has been expanded to provide even more reader fantasies. Enjoy.

## CASTING COUCH?

I happened to buy the October '85 HUSTLER. I sure hope *Carolyn: A Star Is Found*, your incredibly beautiful centerfold that month, is discovered by a film producer. My vote goes to her. She's super!

—M. T.

Lester Prairie, Minnesota

## HOT STUFF:

I stopped buying HUSTLER because it stopped turning me on. But you redeemed yourselves with the November '85 issue. It's *hot!* *The Voice on the Phone* was brilliant fiction, and *Revenge of the Prisoners* also reached that required level of excellence. Mojo Nixon, who wrote *Comic Relief*, has his head in the right place—between his legs, and I mean that as a compliment.

—Name and Address Withheld by Request

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to *Feedback*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a telephone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



## RETRACTION

In its September '85 issue HUSTLER Magazine published in its *Beaver Hunt* section a photograph of a man identified as John, who resides in Jacksonville, Texas. HUSTLER did not intend to imply that John has ever been employed or connected with the City of Jacksonville as a firefighter or in any other such capacity.

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# BITTS and PINES

## ASSHOLES OF THE MONTH

With all the crises facing our nation, you'd think that conducting hearings on rock 'n' roll lyrics would be the last thing the U.S. Senate would waste its time on. But you'd be wrong. Not long ago a Senate committee with the gleam of censorship in its little pig eyes was all too happy to wallow in the putrid bowel-sludge spewed out by this month's co-Assholes of the Month, Tipper Gore and Susan Baker, who testified about the supposed evils of rock music.

These two fetid fartholes are members of the Parents Music Resource Center, a Washington, D.C.-based group of mothers dedicated to "cleaning up" popular music. And they're not above using their husbands' influence—Gore's husband, Senator Albert Gore Jr. (D-Tennessee), is a member of the committee that held the hearings; Baker is married to Treasury Secretary James Baker—to force singers, composers, the recording industry and *you* to submit to their way of seeing things.

Gore's and Baker's charge is that children are being exposed to sex, sadomasochism, suicide, murder and violence through rock 'n' roll.

### Tipper Gore & Susan Baker



Under the guise of protecting children, they are trying to fuck over the First Amendment rights of the overwhelming majority of people who are *not* children. Rather than accept their responsibility as parents to take the necessary time to supervise their kids' musical tastes, they want the government to do it. Of course, they insist that they don't want censorship of any kind. Bullshit! If Senate hearings don't

smack of the threat of censorship, what does?

These stupid mothers complain that rock lyrics are too explicit. In their campaign to break rock's balls they ignore the fact that *our whole society* is explicit. Haven't they watched television, seen a billboard or read a newspaper lately? What a shame that these poor poop chutes have to be dragged out of the safety of their teas and

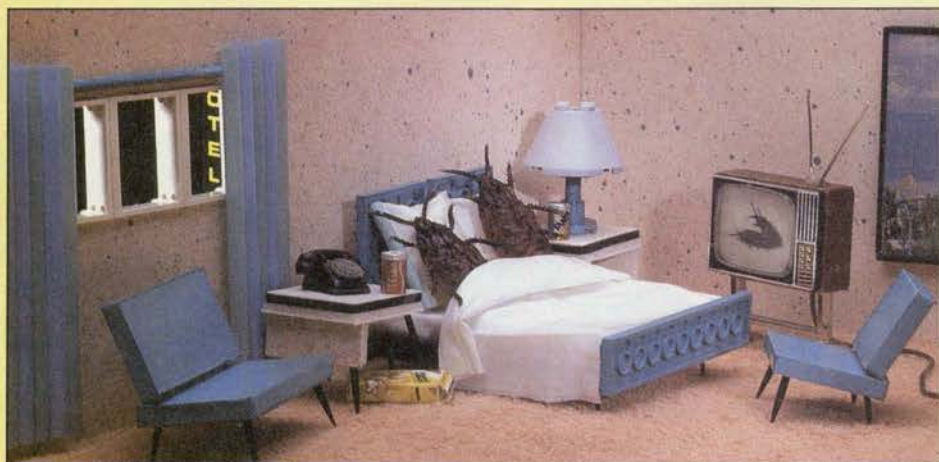
barbecues and into the 1980s by "explicit" rock lyrics. Well, here's another shock for Gore and Baker: Rock lyrics do not cause sexual permissiveness, rape or violence. They simply mirror our society. Punishing artists for reflecting truth is as idiotic as killing a messenger for bringing bad news.

Why aren't these pathetic dung-drizzlers putting their pussies to *good* use by influencing their husbands to do something about the explicitness of famine, AIDS or nuclear war rather than raising this smoke-screen issue? As performer Frank Zappa observed at the hearings, lawmakers are sneaking a tax bill through Congress "while the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury recites, 'Gonna drive my love inside you' . . . and Senator Gore's wife talks about bondage and oral sex at gunpoint."

People like Gore and Baker mistakenly think that rock 'n' roll is threatening the moral fiber of our country. America's moral fiber—hell, our *country*—is threatened by ignorance, repression and the pigshit self-righteousness of Assholes like Gore and Baker, not by rock 'n' roll.

### Roach Motel

**R**oaches check in, but they don't check out . . . and why should they? Especially when they've got X-rated cable, Magic Fingers massage and all the other conveniences discriminating cockroaches have come to expect. Heck, you didn't think those Roach Motels actually *killed* them, did you? Remember, these suckers can survive a nuclear war.





# money MILLION DOLLAR muffs

Okay, gals, here's your big chance. One of you can break away from the paltry bucks and passing fame of the music, modeling and film industries, and get into the *really big money*! HUSTLER Magazine will pay a cool million—that's \$1 million—to the first one who agrees to show us everything she's got. That's right. All you've got to do is spread your beaver, in the style that we've made famous, for our talented photographers.

This year's collection of celebrity muffs ranges from Bruce Springsteen's gorgeous wife, actress/model Julianne Phillips, to well-preserved country songbird Barbara Mandrell. Rock 'n' roll is well-represented by the outrageous Tina Turner and the pioneer of bag-lady chic herself, Cyndi Lauper. (Sorry, Madonna, you blew your chance.) Beautiful movie stars such as Morgan Fairchild, Kathleen Turner, Rosanna Arquette and Jamie Lee Curtis (who's shown plenty of her magnificent tits already) are naturals on this list, as is femme fatale Joan Collins, looking great as she enters her second half-century. And, of course, high-powered model and would-be actress Christie Brinkley had to make our Most Wanted list.

Remember, time is fleeting, girls. Only the first taker gets the million bucks, and the offer expires December 31, 1986. So do get in touch with us.



**Christie Brinkley**



**Joan Collins**



**Kathleen Turner**



**Jamie Lee Curtis**



**Cyndi Lauper**



**Julianne Phillips**



**Morgan Fairchild**



**Barbara Mandrell**

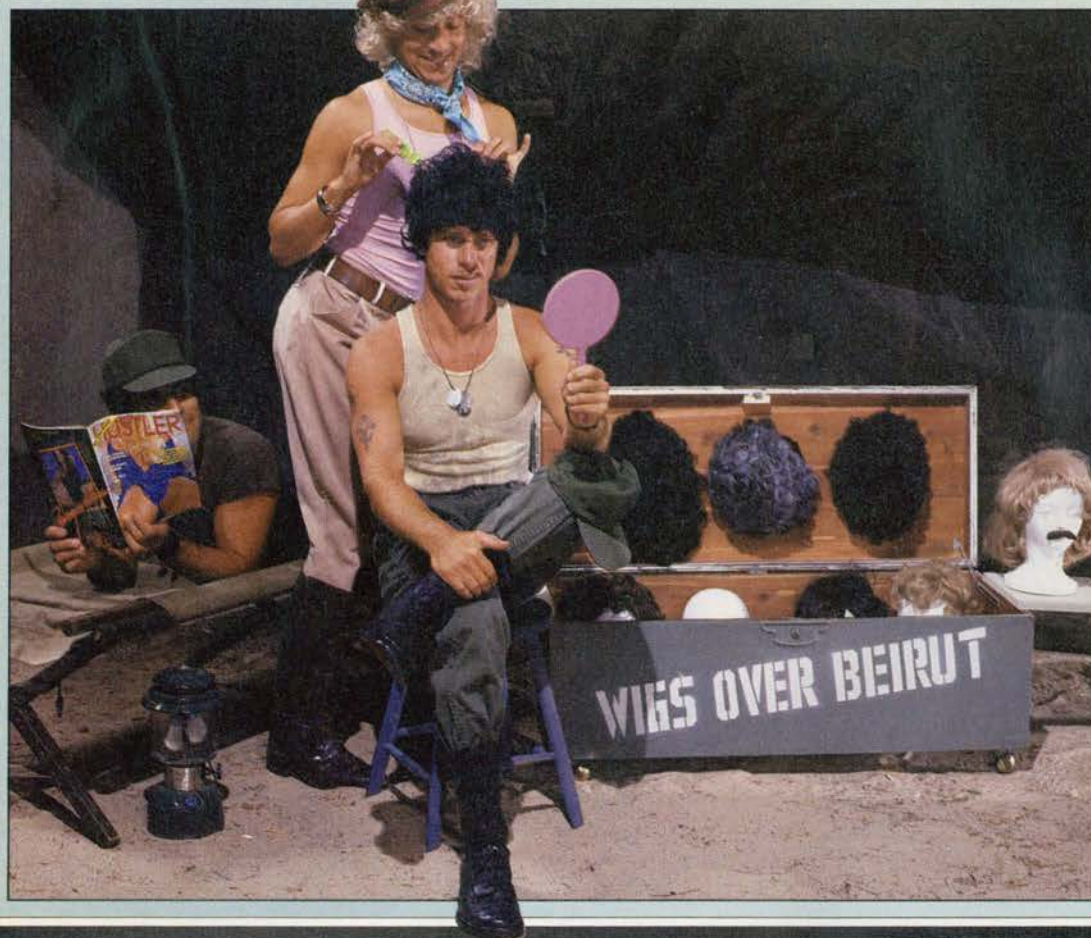


**Rosanna Arquette**



**Tina Turner**





## Wigs Over Beirut

In the wake of repeated terrorist attacks, our boys overseas are adopting a new defense tactic—stop looking like Marines, for Chrissake! Toward this end, the troops are receiving special training and grooming from roving M\*A\*S\*H units (Mobile Articulate Swish Hairdressers). They may feel a little silly at first, but at least now our men can eat at public cafes without being riddled by bullets. As one drag sergeant puts it: “It ain’t exactly macho but, you know, once you get used to shaving your legs, these stockings feel kind of good. And the enemy can see that we’re not just teasing.”

## Cereal Killer

No child is safe as long as this maniac is on the loose, turning the most important meal of the day into a date with death. The dreaded Cereal Killer is rumored to suffer from a serious vitamin and iron deficiency;

he vents his rage on the children who are getting the breakfast treats he never had during his maladjusted formative years. Mothers are warned to take precautions against terror at the kitchen table. Close your windows, lock your doors and keep your Super Sugar Crisps hidden away.



## Smoke Detective

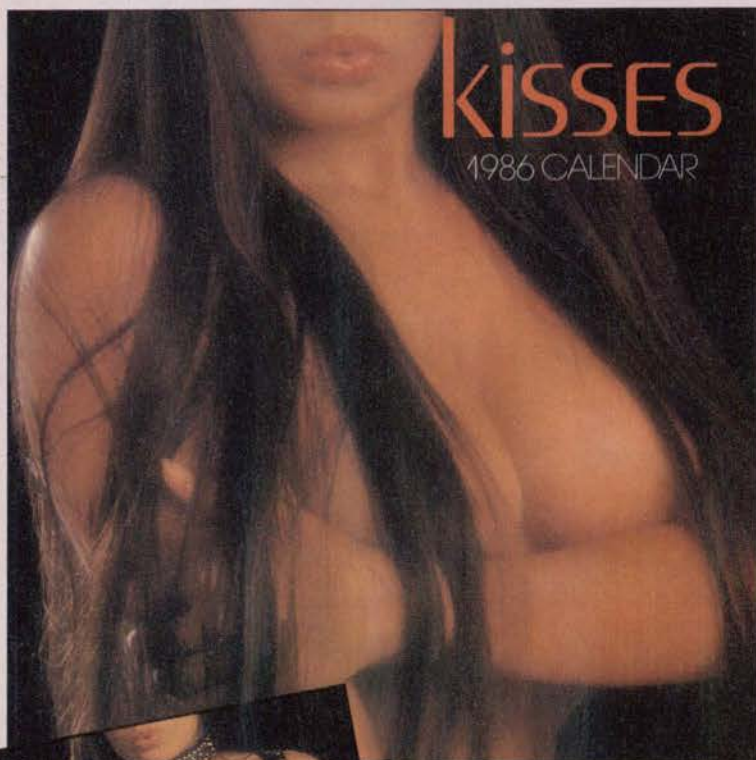
The antismoking lobby is getting more militant all the time; so it shouldn't be long before the likes of Ed “the Enforcer” Steeljaw will be found in public places everywhere. If you don't want your ashes kicked, best save that nicotine fix for a dark alley with the other junkies. Big Ed would like nothing better than to put your butt in a sling.



## Pucker Up

**T**he folks at Landmark Calendars (P.O. Box 1100, Sausalito, CA 94966) certainly know what turns men on. It's those

lips, of course, and their 1986 *Kisses* calendar offers 12 months' worth of the best puckerers in the business. For those with an eye for detail the rest of these girls' bodies aren't bad either.



## Let 'Em Eat Cake!

**H**USTLER recently celebrated the birthday of Managing Editor N. Morgen Hagen. The event called for Hagen's favorite dish. And when the Moosehead beer ran out, there was this delightful X-rated pastry, courtesy of Exotic Cakes (9029 Santa Monica Boulevard, West Hollywood, CA 90069). You can have your cake and eat it too!



## Porn From the Past



Don't let that vintage smut gather dust. Send it to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We pay \$150 for any we print. Enclose an SASE for return of photos.



## Necrophone

**T**here's something for every twisted perversion in the sex shops of Times Square. The latest, "Talk to a Dead Girl," is immensely popular among lonely necrophiles. The girls don't show a lot of spirit, but they're terrific listeners.



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## Dial-a-Bore

There are so many phone-sex lines that all the horny guys in the country could shoot their wads at once without a busy signal. But what about the poor insomniacs who just want a little shut-eye? Well, Randall McFurley has a limitless supply of anecdotes about fishing trips, his hemorrhoids and countless other inane topics guaranteed to get you off... to slumberland.



## Every Breath You Fake

This item is for all you boozehounds who worry about the crackdown on drunk-driving. A package of 12 "Fake Breth" capsules will reodorize your breath to fool the most savvy cop. Odors range from garlic, onions and pussy to industrial waste. You won't make many friends, but you can keep out of the slammer.



## Generic Slut

They're the ultimate in low-price convenience—plain-wrap hookers. No frills, no fancy packaging, just instant sex—and often at one-third of the price of brand-name streetwalkers. After all, why pay more when they're all the same inside?





# Sex News Bits

## FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

January 1986

### Panty Aid

Bowmanville, Ontario, Canada—Harry Bouwhuis has invented a device that he believes can prevent rape—chain-link underwear. Bouwhuis, a butcher, got the idea from the steel mesh used in meat-cutters' aprons and gloves. At \$179.50 a pair, the padlocked panties aren't likely to sell like hotcakes, and critics have compared them to medieval chastity belts. But Bouwhuis is pleased with his invention. "A shark can't bite through it," he declares confidently.

### Self Offense

San Antonio, Texas—Audrey Jones repelled two would-be rapists by using incredibly foul language. The two men were so disgusted, they finally left, taking

\$400 in cash. The 70-year-old woman admits that they may have been turned off when "I told them I had the biggest case of gonorrhea they had ever seen."

### Beavers Are Champs

Burbank, California—The hard-skating HUSTLER Beavers are still No. 1. In their first season in the Los Angeles County Hockey Association the Beavs went 13-2-1 to win the Division II summer league championship. (You really can play ice hockey in Southern California year round.) While rumors persist that the Beavers' goalie is Publisher Larry Flynt, the man behind the mask is actually Don "Ugh" Stilwell, whose lightning-quick reflexes saved the team time and again. We wish them continued success.

### Kids Say the Darnedest Things

Long Island, New York—Elementary-school principal Robert Conrod was convicted of sexually molesting a 12-year-old girl who was spending the night with his daughter. The event came to light when the young girl wrote a class essay called "My Most Embarrassing Moment." In the wake of Conrod's arrest five other young girls have fessed up to similar "embarrassing" moments.

### Jeepers, Creepers

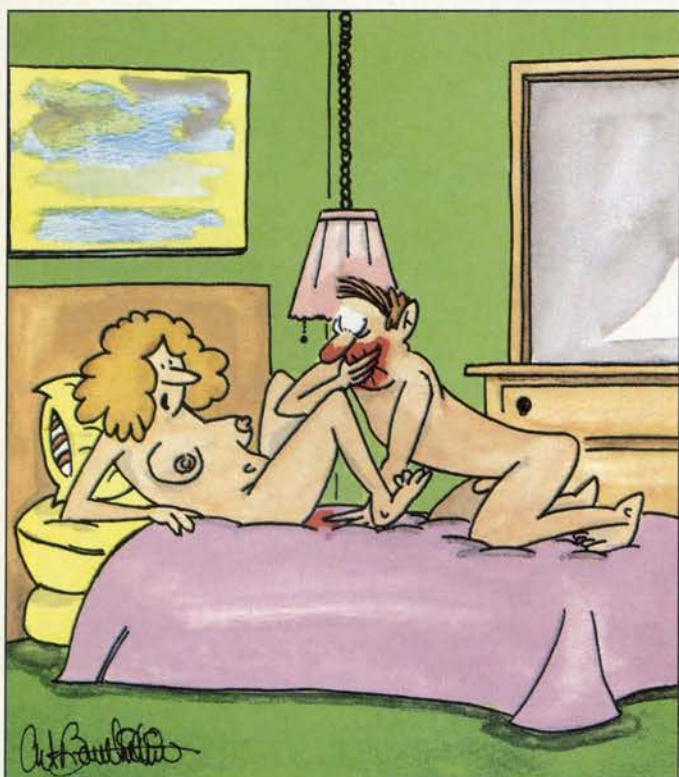
Salmon Arm, British Columbia, Canada—A woman who found a peeping Tom on her property at 5 p.m. was distressed to learn that charges could not be filed against the intruder. The relevant section of the criminal code only ap-

plies to trespassing between 9 p.m. and 6 a.m. Mayor Alfred Ames is attempting to have the law changed in order to make daylight peeping illegal as well.

### The Best Medicine?

London, England—TV medical expert Dr. Vernon Coleman has drawn heat from Britain's Royal College of Nursing after suggesting that nurses lift patients' spirits (among other things) by wearing sexy outfits, such as short skirts, black stockings and garters. Explains Dr. Coleman, "Cheerful people get better quicker. And the sight of a pretty nurse dressed in a sexy uniform would make any man's heart miss a beat or two." Obviously, this is not such a sound policy in the case of cardiac patients.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



"You'd better stop now. I think I'm starting my period!"



## Designer Drugs

Here she is . . . Miss Synthetic Stimulant for 1986, a tasteful hallucinogen with a hint of amphet-

amine. Let's see all those classy chemical combos take a bow. If they aren't the height of fashion these days, what is?

## Contributors

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"That's him officer. . . . That's the guy!"



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—R. Allen Leider / THE FILM JOURNAL

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# EROTIC HUSTLER

## Entertainment

### X-RATED FILMS, FUCK TAPES AND MORE

## X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

## Missing Pieces

*Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Richard Mailer; written by George Simmons; directed by John Seeman; starring Nina Hartley, Billy Dee, Justine, Jon Martin, Cindy Carver, Don Fernando, Jill Ferrar, Rick Savage, Carol Tatum, Mike Horner, Lili Marlene, Dannica Wood, Mauvais DeNoire and Dan Towers.*



'Missing Pieces': Nothing's missing from this Cindy Carver/Don Fernando fuck.

Running time: 86 minutes.

If you're a stickler for a strong plot, character development, innovative sex or catchy dialogue, you're headed for disappointment with *Missing Pieces*. This film is a series of sex scenes strung together by a story that is so familiar, it could have written itself. What redeems *Missing Pieces*, however, and raises it above its run-of-the-mill competition, are some fresh faces and the quality and quantity of the sex.

One fuck scene in particular stands out from the humdrum copulating that has become so standard in the porn industry. The tremendous enthusiasm the couple have for sex and each other makes this scene refreshing—and stimulating. Don Fernando, a young stud who's usually relegated to the anonymity of group gropes, is so turned-on by his partner (luscious Cindy Carver) that he gets a raging hard-on just from looking at her! They proceed to fuck as if they mean it and, after Fernando shoots his load, he plunges his still-erect cock back into Carver's cunt and continues to bang her until she comes. Sexual excitement like this is all too rare on the screen.

The story follows horny house-



wife Nina Hartley in her quest for sexual satisfaction: She's just not getting enough from her tennis-pro husband (Billy Dee), who's more interested in his game than in her snatch. Taking the advice of a friend (Justine), Hartley explores new avenues of sexuality—including masturbation (which results in a terrific encounter between Hartley's pussy and a tiny vibrator inspired by and intercut with busty Carol Tatum riding Mike Horner's sturdy pole), a threeway and a full-blown orgy. After some truly rod-stiffening episodes Hartley finally manages to capture Dee's attention, and we assume they screw happily ever after.

Other notable fucks include the beautiful Jill Ferrar being porked on a staircase by Rick Savage, and Hartley's steamy adventure at the orgy—one of the most-



Ginger Lynn exposes herself to more sexual instruction in 'Pleasure Hunt II.'

sure Hunt, Ginger Lynn was put through sexual hell by her husband, who'd faked his death in order to test her love for him. A series of "pleasure maps" took

two mysterious characters as she follows a map left by her really-dead-this-time husband. The map leads to a sex guru (Sasha Gabor), who—after a lot of mumbo jumbo of the "I am you, you are me, we are it" variety—sends her in search of unique carnal experiences designed to turn her into a sex teacher just like him.

After four far-from-unique encounters, being abducted by the sinister gents on her tail and checking in with Gabor for progress reports and counseling (Question: Why must I be so cruel to men when I'm so tender? Answer: It's for their own good.), Lynn meets her final test.

Faced with superstud Peter North's huge cock, Lynn attacks it with gusto. When North spurts his mighty load all over the place, Gabor proclaims Lynn a bona-fide guru whose mission is to teach other women to become as sexually powerful as she is. It sounds ridiculous, it is ridiculous and, unfortunately, there are too few steps along the path to sexual mastery and power to distract the



'Missing Pieces': Horny housewife Nina Hartley relieves her yearnings at an orgy.

realistic ever filmed. The participants are real-life swingers fucking for pleasure, rather than porn stars fucking for a paycheck.

*Missing Pieces* certainly has its share of flaws, but thanks to good pacing and genuinely lusty performers, the film's own missing pieces are easily overlooked —D. O.



## The Pleasure Hunt Part II

*Half Erect. Produced by Now Showing; written and directed by Lawrence T. Cole; starring Ginger Lynn, Tom Byron, Marc Wallace, Billy Dee, Peter North, Susan Hart, Steve Drake, Don Fernando, Mai Lin, Sasha Gabor and Mike Horner. Running time: 85 minutes.*

This sequel is even sillier than the original . . . if that's possible. In Lawrence T. Cole's first *Plea-*

Lynn from one sexual adventure to another while she was being stalked by a frightening old man. In this version Lynn, clad in designer dresses, once again clambers over hill and dale, trailed by



'Dear Fanny': Pornstud Bobby Bullock is a real sucker for bodacious Amber Lynn.

viewer from the idiocy that links the five sex scenes.

Except for the Lynn/North duo, the encounters are all group scenes that deliver varying degrees of heat. A poop-chute probe that occurs when Lynn takes on three studs, and an ass/pussy double penetration in a scene with Billy Dee and Don Fernando will put a bone in the shorts of Lynn fans, but there's not much more to get worked up about. Ginger Lynn is hot, no doubt about it, but *Pleasure II* doesn't vary enough from its predecessor to keep us from realizing that we've seen it all before. —D. O.



## Dear Fanny

*Half Erect. Produced by Sam Norvell; written by Joe Sherman; directed by Robert McCallum; starring Janey Robbins, Ron Jeremy, Gina Carrera, Amber Lynn, Bobby Bullock, R. Bolla, Erica Collins, Tantal, Pamela Jennings, Rachel, Mindy Rae, Nick Random, Mimi Danielle, Jay Serling, Billy Dee, Dino Alexander, Severa Lee, Deidra Hopkins, Jerry Davis, Lonnie Harris and Melanie Scott. Running time: 82 minutes.*

The plot is simple enough: Tough Janey Robbins portrays a columnist who dispenses advice that would make Ann Landers or Dear Abby blush. Far from wondering about things like "Who gets the ring if the bride breaks off the engagement?," Robbins's readers are more likely to inquire, "Who gets the ring if the bride's pimp calls off the wedding?"

Robbins's assistants, Ron Jeremy and Gina Carrera, help out around the office by reading mail and taking part in office sex—both of them make it with each other as well as Robbins over the course of the film. The theme of *Dear Fanny* is kinky sex, but the filmmakers seem leery of turning anyone off (or on?) by depicting truly kinky scenes. So what we get are odd or humorous situations aimed at the guy who unbuttons his shirt to the navel, wears too many gold chains and exclaims, "Kink-e-e-e-!" if something like spanking comes up in conversation.

Here's what *Dear Fanny* delivers: Pamela Jennings and Mimi Danielle getting it on with Ron Jeremy and food (whipped cream, mainly, and spaghetti), Gina Carrera fucking the mail-



man (who's wearing a chicken costume), a token domination scene (Jay Serling, in a dog collar and leash, fucks his "mistress") and Billy Dee in drag (kidnapped by a trio of blondes, he's tied to a chair and made to wear bra, panties, garterbelt and hose).

Although most of these scenes have their erotic moments, *Dear Fanny's* heavy-handed humor makes much of the sex too ludicrous to really involve the viewer. Even fairly straight encounters such as the energetic Amber Lynn/Bobby Bullock sizzler and Robbins living up to her reputation by taking Jeremy's cock (well, most of it) up her ass have trouble overcoming the underlying joke. Humor and sex can work, but the combination is only successful about half the time in *Dear Fanny*.

-D. O.



Taija Rae is one of the 'Naked' femmes who pounce on Jerry Butler's bone.

lady arrives. (What's hot about this episode is the concentration of sex. The comedy is cute, but falls flat when we're shown the exiting actresses

scene in which R. Bolla is serviced by three women at the same time.

Plotwise, we've got millionaire Bolla about to tie the knot with Ambrose, president of the Naked Scents perfume company. Bolla's ex-wife (Kane) fears that Bolla's marriage to Ambrose—who by the way is an ex-hooker—will ruin her own social standing as well as coral all of Bolla's money. Kane tries to throw a monkey wrench into the proceedings, but Bolla goes on with the ceremony anyway. As it turns out, he's lost all his money gambling and has in effect been bought by Ambrose.

With better craftsmanship, more attention to detail and fewer loose ends (such as the tender but totally out-of-the-blue, unresolved brother/sister suckoff between Rae and Steven Lokwood), *Naked Scents* would have been a good, couples-oriented flick. For all its sex and ambition, however, the intriguing *Naked Scents* remains only an average fuck film.

-D. O.



Gina Carrera accepts a special delivery from Dino Alexander in 'Dear Fanny.'

## Naked Scents

*Half Erect. Produced by David Stone; written and directed by Elissa Christine; starring Tish Ambrose, R. Bolla, Sharon Kane, Taija Rae, Jerry Butler, Crystal Cox, Steven Lokwood, Joey Silvera, Tasha Voux and Baby Doe. Running time: 83 minutes.*

Though it contains more sex than most feature-length fuck films (nine or ten scenes, depending on how you count them), *Naked Scents* is plagued by murky photography, choppy editing, so-so to poor timing and, in one particular sequence, dreadful sound and voice dubbing.

On the plus side are a comical series of sex scenes in which three women (Tish Ambrose, Taija Rae and Sharon Kane) drop in one after another on Jerry Butler, who fucks them and shoves them out the back door as each new

hanging around outside listening to Butler screwing their replacements. Why the secrecy then?) There are also a steamy encounter between Ambrose and Joey Silvera and a crotch-grabbing



Bankrupt R. Bolla balls his ex-hooker bride, 'Naked Scents' prez Tish Ambrose.

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

### Fully Erect

Every Woman Has a Fantasy  
Firestorm  
Great Sexpectations  
Insatiable II  
New Wave Hookers  
Professional Janine  
Snake Eyes  
Spitfire

### Three-Quarters Erect

Bedtime Tales  
Girls on Fire  
Jailhouse Girls  
Matinee Idol  
More Reel People, Part 2  
Night Prowlers  
Passions  
Perfect Fit  
Pussycat Galore  
Squalor Motel  
Stiff Competition  
Taboo American Style, Part I  
Taboo American Style, Part III  
The Grafenberg Spot  
Tickled Pink  
Too Naughty to Say No

### Half Erect

Beverly Hills Exposed  
Burlexxx  
Dames  
First Time at Cherry High  
Good Girl/Bad Girl  
Illusions of Ecstasy  
Inside Little Oral Annie  
Inside Marilyn  
Taboo American Style, Part II  
Taboo American Style, Part IV  
The Pink Lagoon  
The Pleasure Hunt  
Up! Up! and Away!

### One-Quarter Erect

An Unnatural Act  
How Do You Like It  
L'Amour  
Tower of Power

### Totally Limp

Bordello  
For Services Rendered

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE

-  FULLY ERECT  
Superior. A top production.
-  THREE-QUARTERS ERECT  
A well-made film.
-  HALF ERECT  
So-so. Limited appeal.
-  ONE-QUARTER ERECT  
Poor. Don't expect much.
-  TOTALLY LIMP  
A waste of time and money.



# PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 15,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

## Talk Dirty to Me One More Time

(Anthony Spinelli Productions) *Talk Dirty to Me One More Time* is one



of the finest sex videos ever made. Award-winning filmmaker Anthony Spinelli, aided by seasoned pros John Leslie, Colleen Brennan and Harry Reems, has created a sensitive, intelligent, provocative, triple-hot tape. The acting is flawless—the psychological and sexual forces at work here could hardly have been better portrayed. The direction, pacing and construction of individual scenes is superb. Every sex scene is a turn-on: The performers are so into each other they seem to forget they're performing. And the presence of newcomers Judy Jones and Nikki Charm raises the temperature considerably. (Leslie is so aroused by Charm that he fucks her twice, delivering two cum-shots, and Charm gets so worked up by his attentions that she actually has a G-spot orgasm and ejaculates.) The strong, emotion-packed story about a doctor (Reems) who asks a sexy stranger (Leslie) to fuck his wife (Brennan) because he's afraid he's not satisfying her is made even stronger by the unusually re-

strained use of music and speech. Spinelli knows when dialogue is necessary and when it's not and, by trusting his camera to tell the story, he masterfully involves the viewer's imagination to supply the thoughts and words his actors convey with a look. (One shining example of this technique occurs when Reems watches from his car as Leslie cons nymphet Charm into coming home and fucking him. We never hear a word; yet the effect is as strong as if we'd overheard everything this slick Casanova said.) Quite simply, *Talk Dirty* is a great porn vid by a great director. See it. —D. O.

## The Girls of 'A' Team

(Western Visuals) Subtitled "The Ultimate Backdoor Adventure," this good-looking tape features a hearty share of ass-mastery as well as heaping portions of assorted and sordid kink. Before the opening credits are even finished, Ron Jeremy is trying to stuff his oversize cock up Tamara Longley's asshole. She fights off this unwanted invasion from the rear (who wouldn't?) and Jeremy, after resorting to tonguing his own dick, calls in the A-Team. The A-Team is several wanton women who, under the direction



of Field Marshal Bradley, fuck the hostilities out of foreign dignitaries visiting the U.S. These girls take it up the ass, between the tits and in the face—all in the line of duty. In the name of their proud country they lick pussy, hump double-dong dildos, insert various penis substitutes into each other's shit chutes, engage in interracial balling and participate in a variety of double-teamings. Sahara even goes so far as to don a strap-on dick to ass-fuck a sultry Latin bitch while her own fudge is being packed. At one point you'll look up and realize that *Girls* isn't even half over yet, but don't worry—your dick will get hard again. All semblance of plot is ultimately abandoned, but who cares? Double penetration is its own storyline! Though *Girls* lacks a female superstar, the ensemble effort of these nasty ladies more than makes up for it. This 'A' Team is well-shot, with realistic sound and great pacing. It's bound to please, even in summer reruns. —Allan MacDonell

## Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout Black Chicks

(VCA Pictures) This latest exercise in sleaze from the Dark Brothers,

ning collection of black beauties in porn, director Gregory Dark has come up with some equally stunning situations to have them porked by white boys. Cherry Lay-Me takes on a blind man (Steve Powers) while eating a bucket of fried chicken, Black Sapphire gets gang-banged in the men's restroom she's supposed to be cleaning, and Jeannie Pepper practices voodoo and gets fucked by the two New Wave zombies she conjures up. But the



most blatantly tasteless is the ass/pussy double penetration of Sahara by two hooded Klansmen while a gospel singer wails about how good it feels. As in most Dark Brothers productions special emphasis is given to the sets,



Two honkies stick it to Sahara in the Dark Brothers' outrageous 'Black Chicks.'

the men who gave a waiting world *Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout White Chicks*, may not be quite so raw as its predecessor, but it's even more tasteless—if you can imagine that. This wonderfully outrageous video not only pokes fun at the stodgy porn industry, it also dares to poke fun at the way black women are stereotyped: as superstitious, oversexed, gossipy, lazy maids. Gathering the most stun-

which are extremely stylized and surreal—the urinals in the men's room are giant lips!—a refreshing change from living rooms, bedrooms and jacuzzis. The only weakness in this daring, witty video is the hollow sound. But the sex is the stuff boners are made of and, even if you never considered black chicks to be a turn-on, these *Black Chicks* just may change your mind. —D. O.

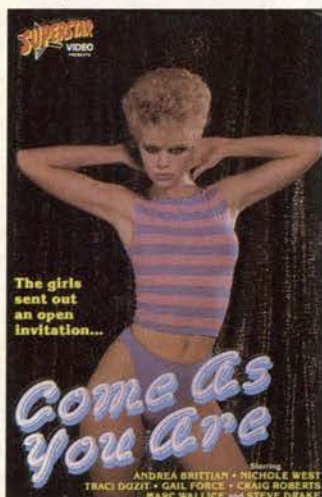




'Urban Heat': Horny Taija Rae gets Scott Baker up in the morning.

## Come as You Are

(Superstar Video) This 85-minute piece of shit is a true contender for the Worst Video Ever award. It stars Gail Force and Andrea Brittain as two dumb bimbos looking for a good time and... well, you've heard it all before.



And seen it done better. There is, quite obviously, no script here. It's also painfully obvious that the two stars needed absolutely no coaching in order to play their characters. So what about the fucking? There are a total of three—count 'em—three fucks during the course of the tape. Oh, there is an orgy at the end, but you'll have dozed off long before that lumbers into view. None of the sex comes near to being steamy, and some of it is downright unappealing. But the worst thing about this video is the camerawork, which features crazy angles and a nonstop barrage of wipes, dissolves and jerky cutting. To make matters worse the entire tape has a nauseous green-

ish tint—not exactly the color of passion. At orgy time lovely Nicole West adds her pussy to the pie, but here the cameraman appears to have completely lost his marbles. The lenswork is so schizophrenic, it's impossible to tell who's screwing who—not that you'll care. When the action suddenly turns from color to black and white (sort of like *The Wizard of Oz* in reverse) and then ends abruptly—without even the requisite cum-shooting finale—you're simply thankful. *Come as You Are* gives even bad videos a bad name.

—Stuart Goldman

## Urban Heat

(VCA Pictures) Pornstar-turned-producer Candida Royalle's second in a series of videos geared toward the female audience focuses on sensuality, foreplay and caressing, and avoids the standard approach to porn, which depicts women as sex objects to be covered in the cum of their partners. *Urban Heat* shows couples engaged in tender, loving sexual encounters—a turn-on for those turned off by conventional gross-out porn. The major flaw in this 85-minute video is that—aside from the token “Fuck me, fuck me”—it's totally devoid of dialogue, probably the key element in feminine arousal. Worse yet, in place of the dialogue is the incessant droning of music so repetitively phrased that you'll probably want to turn off the sound. Particularly erotic moments include Cassandra Leigh coating David Scott's cock with baby oil during a rooftop sex session and David Ambrose rubbing an ice cube across wife Tish's breasts as they make love on a couch in the blue hue of the boob tube. The

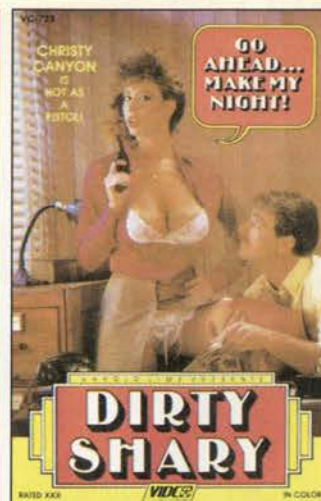
audience *Urban Heat* is trying to reach will appreciate its treatment of sex. Those who are satisfied by standard porn, however, will no doubt find it to be unreasonably dull. —Deborah Bennett

## Ingrid, the Whore of Hamburg

(Caballero Control Corporation) The title role in this European-made tale of angst-in-the-pants is played by Olinka, a Marilyn Monroe lookalike who's just dripping with sex appeal. She gets fucked early on by a guy who comes in ten strokes—a real spoiler. Who can concentrate on the rest of the video when you keep wondering, *When is this Monroe twin going to get the cunt-pumping she deserves?* And that's not the only distraction. There are the people, for starters. The girls have sexy faces and asses, but tend to sport four rolls of fat on their stomachs. Likewise, the men have gone slightly to flab and are verging on middle-age besides. Then there's the atrociously inane and completely out-of-synch voice dubbing, and “conceptual” camerawork, which generally cuts away from the action just as the going's getting good. The story itself is a pitfall. Is the action a flashback in the brooding blond sailor's mind? Are his fantasies coming to life on the screen? What is the cause of his anxiety? While this import does offer some fresh faces and one good rearview screwing of a sloe-eyed brunette in a beach chair, it mainly serves as evidence that the best fuck videos are porn in the USA. —A. M.

## Dirty Shary

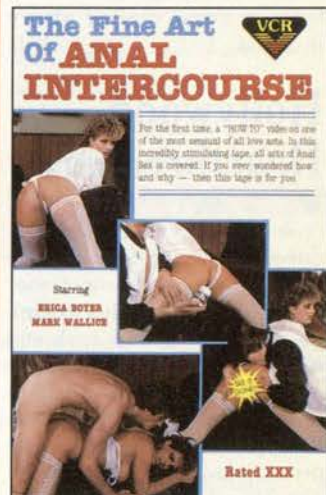
(Vidco) In this rather limp takeoff on Clint Eastwood's biggest hit, Christy Canyon plays a big-titted private eye out to bust up a prostitution ring. Brainy as well as bosomy, Canyon adopts the clever ruse of posing as a hooker in order to infiltrate the target brothel. But before she and her partner (Steve Drake) can get things underway, he gets a load of her 44s and can't hold himself back—tit men have no patience. After gobbling her luscious melons, Drake throws Canyon on the couch, hops on top and blitzes



her cunt with his mighty schlong. Once the undercover operation is put into action, the goings-on get a mite predictable: While Canyon snaps photos, we follow one customer after another as they partake of the ladies of the house. Dreaded dominatrix Beverly Bliss takes care of Dino Alexander in an S&M scene, Drake gets it on with cupcake Bunny Bleu, Billy Dee plunges his pecker into Heather Wayne's gorgeous gash... and on it goes. There's plenty of sex, but none of the fucking and sucking ever gets beyond body temperature. The actresses seem to be simply going through the motions. Let's hope they get their batteries recharged before accepting another assignment. —S. G.

## The Fine Art of Anal Intercourse

(VCR) This 30-minute cassette is more than just an excuse for rampant butt-fucking. It does, in





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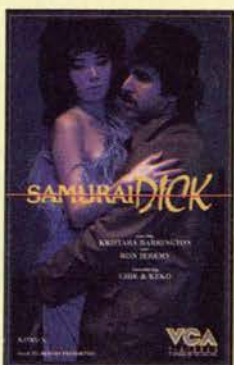
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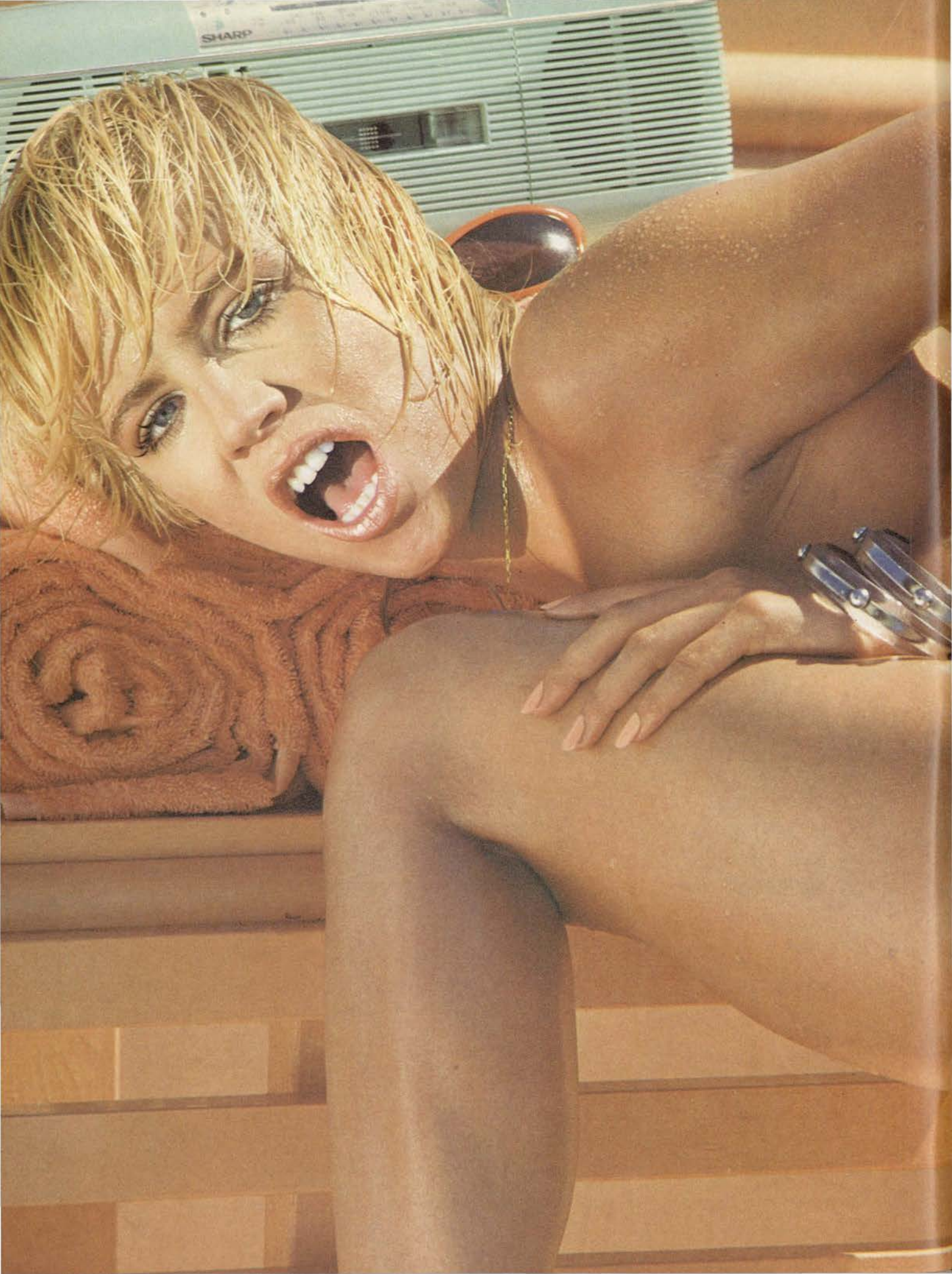




SABRINA

Wet  
Beat









My friends call me Fuse Box 'cause I'm so full of energy," gushes sexy Sabrina. "Or maybe it's just 'cause I'm always turned on and ready to blow!" Whatever the reason, Sabrina certainly lives up to her nickname. She always seems to be in motion, whether dancing, swimming or fucking. And she does a *lot* of fucking. "I have this technique that drives my boyfriends wild. When they get going good inside me, I pull my legs up on either side of them and clench my pussy muscles so tight, they can't get out till I've milked them dry." She pauses a moment, then giggles. "Come to think of it, maybe *that's* why they call me Fuse Box!"









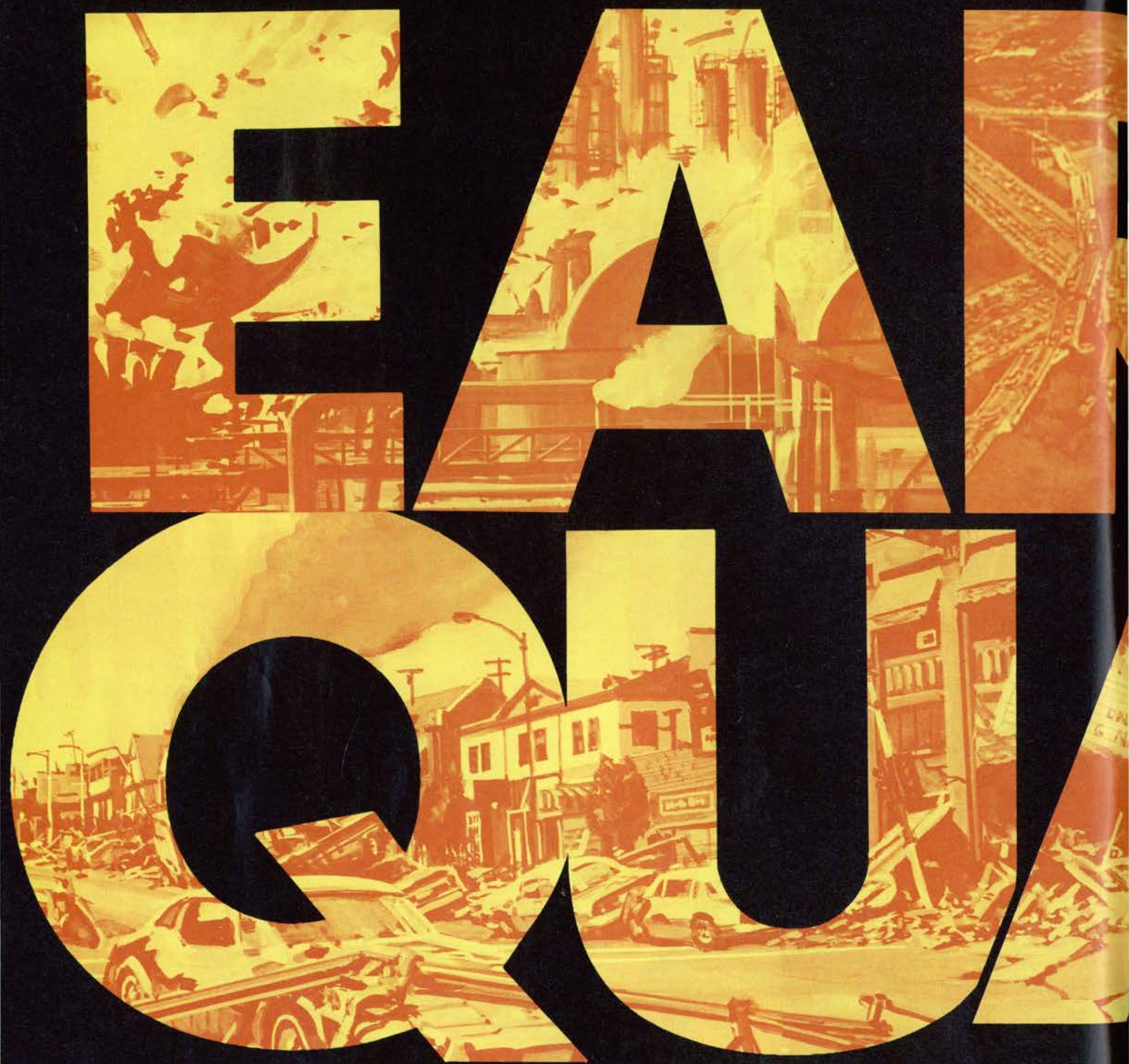












**THE DEATH OF**







# LOS ANGELES

**L**os Angeles, California, Thursday, July 16, 1987, 10:16 a.m.—Few people know it, but a satellite hovers 22,500 miles above this city. Every 15 seconds it takes a picture of the area and transmits the image down to the L.A. Police Department, which uses high-resolution

**REPORT BY RODERICK THORP**



enlargements in surveillance cases and, occasionally, to track escaping bank robbers and the like. But on this hot, smoggy summer morning something funny happens. The city can be seen moving.

At the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, less than ten miles from downtown Los Angeles, no one has to be told that an earthquake has struck. One Caltech scientist trying to read the delicate instruments in the seismography room is thrown against the wall with such force that his nose and collarbone are broken. What he worries about is failing to man his post at the moment he is most needed. It doesn't immediately dawn on him that the damage is not confined to him and his windowless room. Before he passes out, he doesn't even feel pain as he reads the wildly wagging needles on the rolling graph paper: 8.3. This earthquake is Los Angeles's long-awaited, long-feared Big One.

More than 22,000 miles overhead the satellite continues to send pictures that later will be so enlarged and resolved that scientists will be able to track the sudden, 37-foot northward shift in the Earth from west of Long Beach (under the Pacific), then through downtown Los Angeles, over the Santa Monica Mountains, through the San Fernando Valley and into Angeles National Forest.

The shift—smaller than the one that destroyed Anchorage, Alaska, in 1964—occurs in less than a single second, but it involves trillions upon trillions of tons of earth and rock, creating one giant slam, followed by rolling shock waves in all directions. The earthquake is felt in Mexico to the south, Arizona to the east and Ida-

ho to the north. The energy released is equal to 10,000 Hiroshima-size atomic bombs—200 million tons of TNT. The satellite photographs clearly show the water in Santa Monica Bay rushing some 600 feet away from the historical shoreline—far enough to put every pleasure boat in Marina Del Rey and Redondo Pier on its hull. Big ships in L.A. Harbor crush their piers and crash into the mud. The rush of water returning, when it comes, will swamp the coast. But that's the least of it: The water may be 40 or 50 feet high, a true Pacific tidal wave.

The rolling shock waves continue for almost two minutes, the land heaving like Jell-O. Some homeowners running outside in panic find themselves sinking into their lawns, the grass beneath their feet giving way like thin ice. Heavy structures begin to tilt crazily as their weight sucks them down into the muck.

But the first deaths come in the hills and canyons, where the flawed, decomposing granite shakes loose, and L.A.'s unique stilt houses tumble onto dwellings below them, then are buried under tons of earth and debris continuing to rain down from above.

And in the commercial areas of the city, glass-walled high-rise office buildings shatter like crystal. Great shards of glass and slabs of polished stone slice down on terrified pedestrians below. Some victims are dead before they hit the pavement, but others aren't so lucky: They lose arms and legs as glass crashes around them, fragments flying like shrapnel. Screams pierce the air.

In these areas the falling glass is only the beginning. Tossed about on the sway-

ing upper floors are desks, chairs, file cabinets—and human beings. After the first shock, there are thousands dead and, in the split seconds that follow, their number climbs like the digits on a timer at a track meet as downtown buildings collapse, and all over the city, office workers plunge to their deaths. In the older sections the poor and elderly are crushed in apartments and hotels. Motorists are thrown from freeway overpasses. In the first two minutes 52,000 people perish.

This is the best-recorded earthquake in human history. Los Angeles is the entertainment capital of the world, with thousands of professionals in television, motion pictures, radio and the recording industry, many of whom lunge for their video and audio equipment with the first great shock. Cameras already in operation at 10:16 a.m. have caught images of cars running onto sidewalks, building cornices spilling onto the streets, even the complete collapse of old, unreinforced masonry structures.

The first great shift sounds like the detonation of a dozen atomic bombs, a sudden, ear-splitting, truly deafening boom. The rolling waves that follow are more like the loudest thunder. Then, from everywhere in the city, after the briefest of pauses, the screaming starts. It's panic. In spite of all the earthquake-preparedness drills and all the minor quakes since L.A.'s last fatal one in 1971, too many people are unable to prepare themselves for anything like this: A nightmare beyond all imagining has descended on them from everywhere instantaneously.

*(continued on page 89)*

## WHY DOES THE EARTH MOVE?

**T**o understand earthquakes you have to know how the Earth is put together. The answer is: very delicately. The solid center of our planet is hot. The heat radiates upward and outward through a layer of liquid so intensely that at a depth of only 100 miles, the temperature of the soft rock surrounding the liquid is 1,600° Fahrenheit. Some metals melt at that temperature; coal and diamonds burn. The thin upper world we know surrounds the semimolten heat like the shell of an egg.

And like it or not, the shell is cracked; the pieces, called plates, are held in place only by gravity. The plates are not glued together in any way, and forces we are still trying to understand cause them to slide along the cracks, which are called faults. Any plate movement results in an earthquake, and there are as many as a million of them a year.

Obviously, since most of us have never felt a quake, the majority are very small, low on the Richter scale of measuring their intensity. Normally, anything lower than 3 can't be felt, but 3.4 is a pretty good bump, 4.2 is capable of knocking canned goods off supermarket shelves, and 6 can topple brick walls. (On the Richter scale 5 is ten times more powerful than

4, 7 is ten times more powerful than 6, and so on.) Earthquakes are most common in the Mediterranean, Southern Asia and all around the Pacific Ocean. The biggest quake ever recorded in North America rocked Missouri more than 170 years ago, and the city of Port Royal, Jamaica, sank beneath the Caribbean Sea after a 17th-century earthquake.

Earthquakes have killed more people than any other type of natural disaster, including 830,000 in China in 1556 and 300,000 in India in 1737. A shift in the northern end of California's 750-mile-long San Andreas fault destroyed San Francisco in 1906. A major shift in the south, near Los Angeles, which usually occurs once every hundred years or so, is now predicted for any time in the next 20 years, with a projected force of 8.3 on the Richter scale. This is potentially twice the force of the 8.1 reading of the first shock in last September's Mexico City earthquake, which claimed between 5,000 and 10,000 lives, 600 buildings and hundreds of millions of dollars in damages. A cataclysmic quake in the Los Angeles area—with 15 million residents—is inevitable and could conceivably cost 400,000 lives, virtually all of the buildings, \$4 billion and the literal end of the city.



IF SANTA WERE JEWISH...



"So you want a little red wagon, huh? Well, kid, I can make you a great deal on one!"





T

he restless crowd of 3,000-plus—who braved the cool San Francisco night, \$15 to \$30 ticket prices and a cavalry of drunks, right-wing picket-toting antiporn crusaders and Bay Area Mission District degenerates—were starved and ready for a show. And what a flesh-filled visual feast they got as the curtain rose on 1985's Ms. Nude America Pageant. Gorgeous gals from San Jose to Hayward (California) bounced, grinned and posed during the grueling three-hour contest, a ruthless competition pitting the finest silicone implants in the county against a collection of combustible cleavage that would've put a boner in even Bob Barker's BVDs. When it was all over and the ballots were counted, misty Molley Martinez—a 22-year-old dancer from the bustling metropolis of Fremont, California—wiggled away with the crown.

HUSTLER snatched Molley right from the runway and escorted her to our Los Angeles studios, where Director of Photography James Baes shot this exclusive pictorial layout. Now take a look at Molley and discover why tongues and tails all over Fremont are wagging. Bess Myerson, eat your heart out!



# MS. NUDE AMERICA

★ 1 ★ 9 ★ 8 ★ 5 ★







Pretty Molley hoists a tearful salute of thanks to the supportive fans (above). Reigning queen Carrie Jean Henroid (above right) gives a last flash before handing over the cherished title. Runner-up L. Toni Dee (above middle) lost by a hard-nipple in a tight competition. The sexy strut of the new Ms. Nude (below).







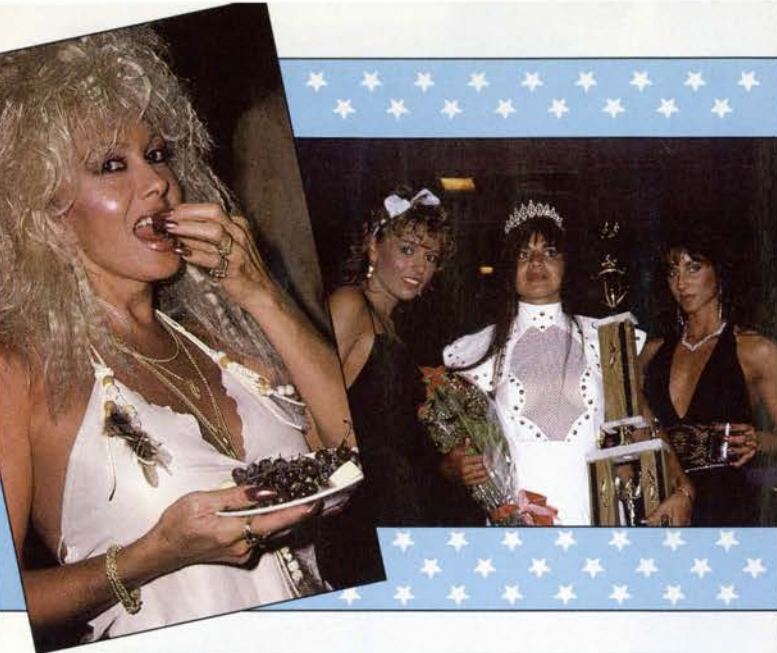
Pageant producer/director Danny Zezzo offers up his new Ms. Nude America.



Masters of ceremonies Wayland Flowers and Madame (top) try their best to amuse at pre-pageant press conference. HUSTLER's Claudia Arias and Lonny Friend were tough and discerning judges (middle); renowned lawyer and pageant co-emcee Melvin Belli fires forth a witticism to waiting TV cameras.







Contestant Gina Bon Bon enjoys a snack at the post-pageant party; third runner-up Tina Kelley and Carrie Jean Henroid flank winner Martinez (above); concerned San Francisco residents found several ways to express disgust over the pageant being held in their fair city.







Photography by James Baes and Ladi von Jansky



*As he entered the crevice of my now-dripping pink pussy, I began to once again get unbelievably excited.*

maxed together and then lay down to rest in front of the TV set once again.

The scene we saw next was the same woman fantasizing about a man with a whip. As he bent her over and began lightly spanking her, my pussy got so excited that my sweet juice was running down my legs faster than Ron could lick it off. This was when the fun really began.

Ron took his belt out of his pants, which had been lying next to us on the floor. I began to tremble a little—partly out of fear and partly out of excitement. As I lay my body down onto the soft carpeting, Ron caressed my body with his belt. He caressed each and every area. As he entered the crevice of my now-dripping pink pussy, I began to once again get unbelievably excited. The thought of that cool leather being rubbed all over my soft body made me moan in ecstasy. As Ron bent me over the couch and spanked my ass, I began to quiver all over. Each slap of leather against my vibrating cheeks sent tingles throughout my body, causing my pussy to swell and glisten, almost begging to be savagely plunged into with a nice hard dick.

When I screamed out that I couldn't take any more, Ron rolled over and pulled me roughly on top of him. As I rocked my hips back and forth, I could feel his swollen dick sink deeper and deeper into my crying vagina. I rode him like a cowboy until he could stand no more. I pulled away from him just in time to catch all the warm, juicy cum that emerged from his prod.

While I licked the last little bit of jism off his still-hardened dick, the corner of my eyes caught the light from the TV, and I let my curious eyes wander toward the set once again. This time I saw the same woman from the other scenes being forced to give head to a rather well-endowed man. He was pulling on her ponytail and pumping her head up and down on his shaft, causing her to choke on his hot, throbbing ten-incher.

I turned over to Ron and began to caress his now-limp penis, which stood to attention after just a few good strokes. I closed my mouth onto his hot dick and sucked like I had never done before. At first I slid his cock in and out between my soft lips and all around inside my water-

ing mouth. Then I decided to really get down to business. I jammed his rod all the way down my throat and sucked until I drove him absolutely wild. When I thought he'd had enough, I began to gently kiss him all over. I then took a bottle of baby oil and rubbed it over his entire body—we find sex to be twice as exciting this way. Before I knew what was happening, Ron had handcuffed my two wrists together! This night was really becoming something wild! He led me into the bedroom and gently pushed me down onto the bed.

I assumed the doggy position (one of our favorites) as Ron drove his cock into my pussy. I screamed out in ecstasy as he jammed all he had into my tight hole, and I was screaming even louder when Ron spanked my bare ass, first very lightly and then, gradually, very soundly. He reached over for his belt, which he had carried into the room with him, and slapped first one cheek and then the other with this exciting piece of leather. My ass sort of hurt, but at the same time it also felt good. I was reaching new orgasmic heights—I was higher than I had ever been. The more he spanked me, the hotter and hotter I got. I felt as if I were going to burst and explode into thousands of little pieces. The spanking continued, as did my orgasm, until I could stand no more.

As I cried out in one final scream, I climaxed to the ultimate of heights.

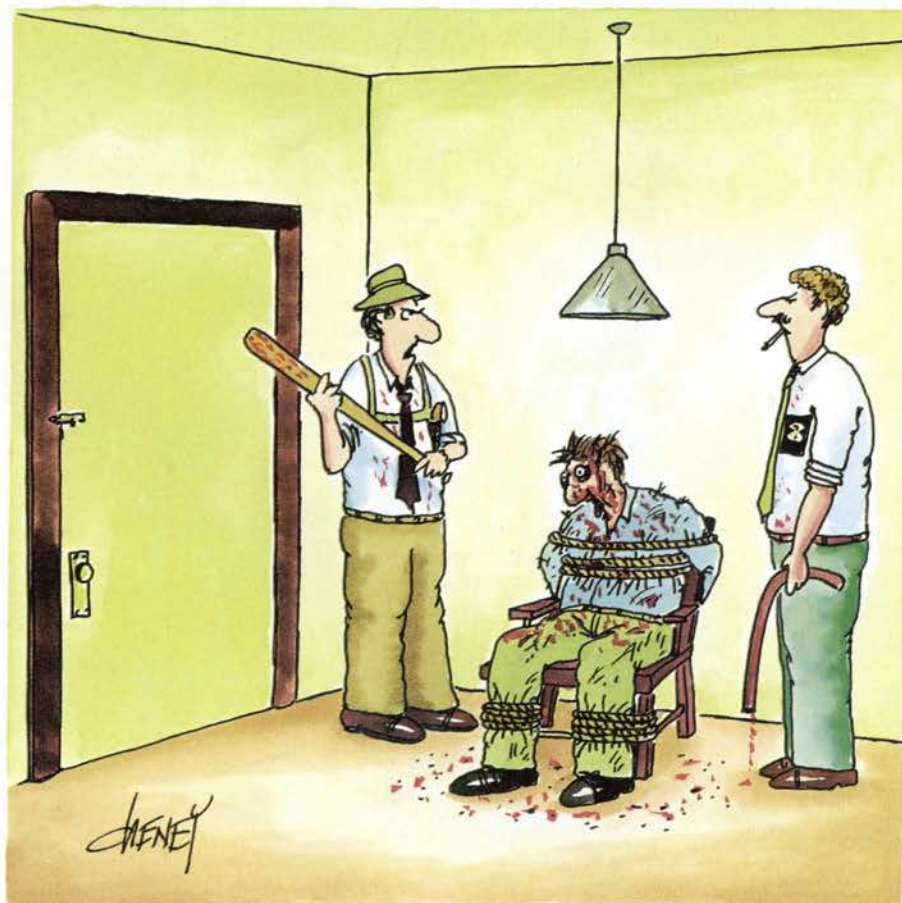
As we lay close together, holding each other later on that night, we knew that we had brought out a newfound fantasy for each other, one we will probably live out again soon. My sore ass and sore throat were more than worth going through for the ecstasy we found in our open-minded playfulness the night before. It was the best time I've ever had—at least until we can come up with another new idea or find another exciting flick! —D. M.

Los Angeles, California

### NAUGHTY NIGHT NURSE

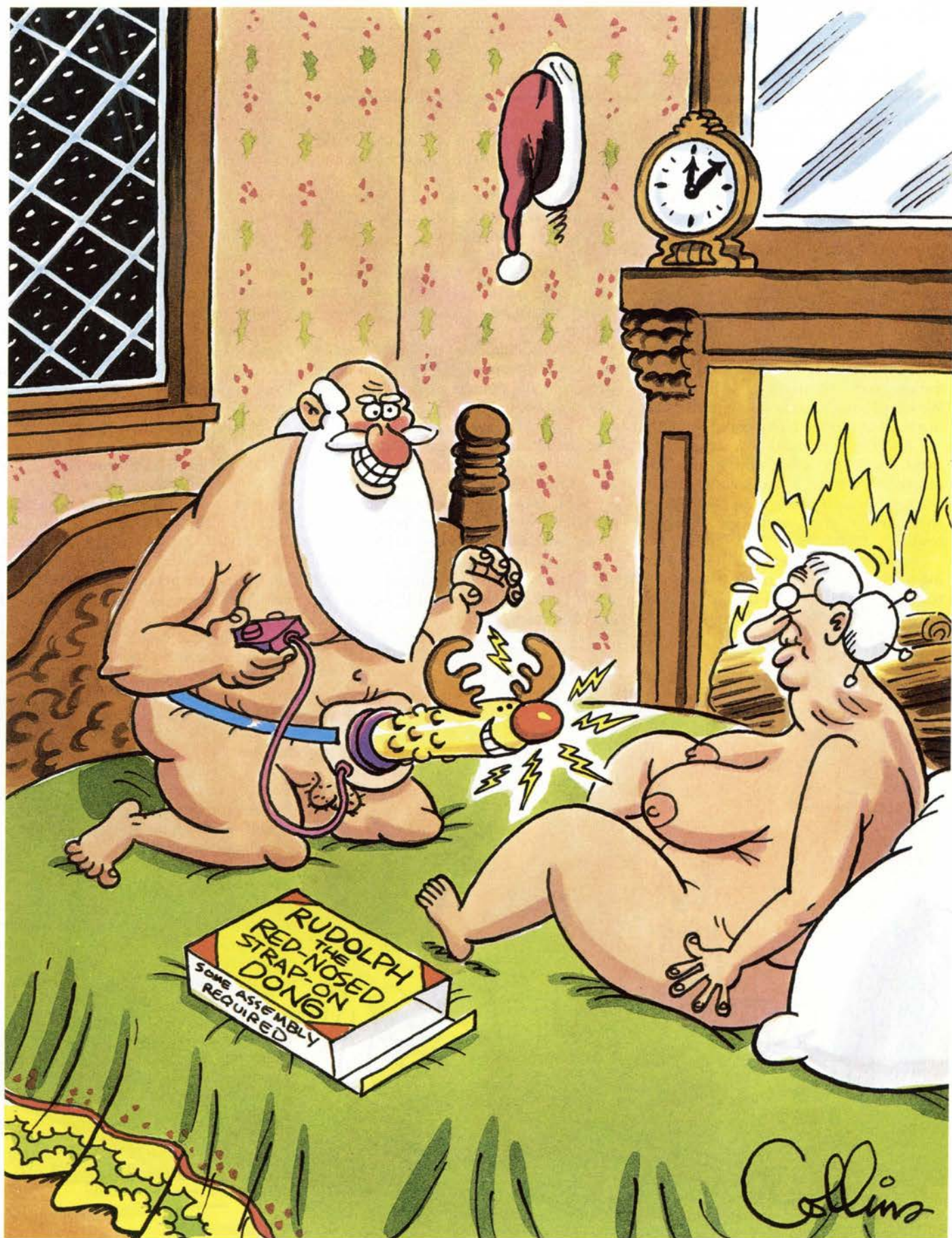
I'm a newly graduated nurse who works the night shift. I recently broke up with my boyfriend, and working nights is putting a cramp in my sex life. I'm stationed on an orthopedic floor, and my most interesting patient is David, a 20-year-old who had been in a motorcycle accident and has traction on his left leg. He wasn't sleeping well nights, and I often went in and talked to him. David is a big, muscular guy who seems out of place in a hospital bed.

Traction often causes muscle spasms and, true to form, David called me in one night and told me he was having spasms on his left hip, causing a lot of pain. It was too early for pain medicine; so I told him



"He still won't talk. Let's bring in his ex-wife."







*I stood fascinated as David slowly stroked his growing member. It sent a hot flash down my body.*

to turn over a bit and I'd massage his hip. Like most patients, David wore nothing under his hospital gown. The whiteness of his well-muscled hip and ass reflected in the dark room. This was a job I knew I wouldn't mind.

Regaining my professional composure, I slowly rubbed his hip.

"Oh, yeah, right there," David said. "Feel that tightness?" Boy, did I ever. He had one of the nicest asses I have ever felt. I was quite embarrassed when I realized David was starting to enjoy it too. He started pulling the covers around his middle, and I realized he had a hard-on. We were both embarrassed, and I quickly made up an excuse and left the room.

I had the next night off and, when I came back to work, David seemed pleased to see me. I had subconsciously worn my sexiest uniform (a fairly short, sheer white dress and a see-through bra).

It was a routine quiet night. I was working with Lucille, an older nurse who thought I should do all the work. I had gone into David's room to bring him a pill and had talked with him for a while.

When I got back to the nurse's station, I realized I had picked up the pen David had been writing with. I walked back to his room to return it.

As I approached the door, I heard a low moaning noise. I quietly walked through the door into the room. The reflected moonlight gave me a perfect profile of David's body from mid-chest down. The curtain around his bed was half-closed so he couldn't see me standing there.

I stood fascinated as he slowly stroked his growing member. His penis was quite large, and the sight of it sent a hot flash down my body. His strokes increased in pace, and his breathing grew faster. I reached up and fingered my nipples as pleasure waves swept through me. It was more than I could take. I reached under my seat, found my hot little clitty and started to rub. I must have let out a little moan, because David stopped his intense stroking and looked around the room. I was about to make a dash out of the room when David pulled back the curtain to find me standing there.

"Hi." David smiled at me, obviously

turned on by my hard nipples straining against my dress. He said, "Why don't you come over here and rub my back?"

I moved toward him as if in a trance, knowing what I was about to do could cost me my job. As I reached David, he turned in the bed so the sheet fell off.

"Is this what you want?" David leered as I touched his hot member with my hand. "I've wanted you for a long time," he added. "I fantasize about you when I jerk off."

This got me even hotter, and I replied, "I'll get you off twice as good as your fantasy." I lightly stroked his long, throbbing rod, and he responded immediately by arching upward toward my hands. He undid my buttons and teased my hard nipples. Luckily, my bra hooked in front, and I reached down and sprang free my large, well-rounded tits. David smiled at the sight of them and pulled me even closer to lick slowly around each sensitive mound.

"Oh, I've been in this hospital for three weeks," David moaned. "I need this. Suck me; lick me." Licking and sucking as much of his big cock as possible, I could feel it swell. I didn't want him to come yet; so I pulled his penis out of my mouth. He looked surprised as I slipped down my white nylons to reveal my slim, tan thighs and my hot, wet bush. David reached over to finger my wetness, and I pressed against his hand. He rubbed my clit with quick, light flicks, and I knew I would come soon. I pulled his hand away and said, "I've got to have your cock inside of me." I eyed the bed and figured out how to get around the traction.

As I positioned myself above his long pole, he rubbed my tits, saying, "This is the best nursing I've ever had." I lowered myself slowly on his hot prick and moved just slightly up and down, putting the tip in and out of me. It felt so good, I had to have it all. I plunged to the base, and his tip touched the back of my inner walls. I stifled a loud groan of ecstasy. I rode hot and furious, up and down, gyrating against him.

"Oh, I'm going to come," I moaned.

"Give it to me, nurse," he replied.

I tightened my pussy around his rod and felt the first of his spasms coming on, which sent me into my own fierce spasms. I pounded hard into him as my hot pussy milked the cum out of his pulsating cock. We both collapsed in ecstasy.

It was hard to regain my composure and go back to work. David has three weeks left in the hospital, and I plan to make them very memorable.

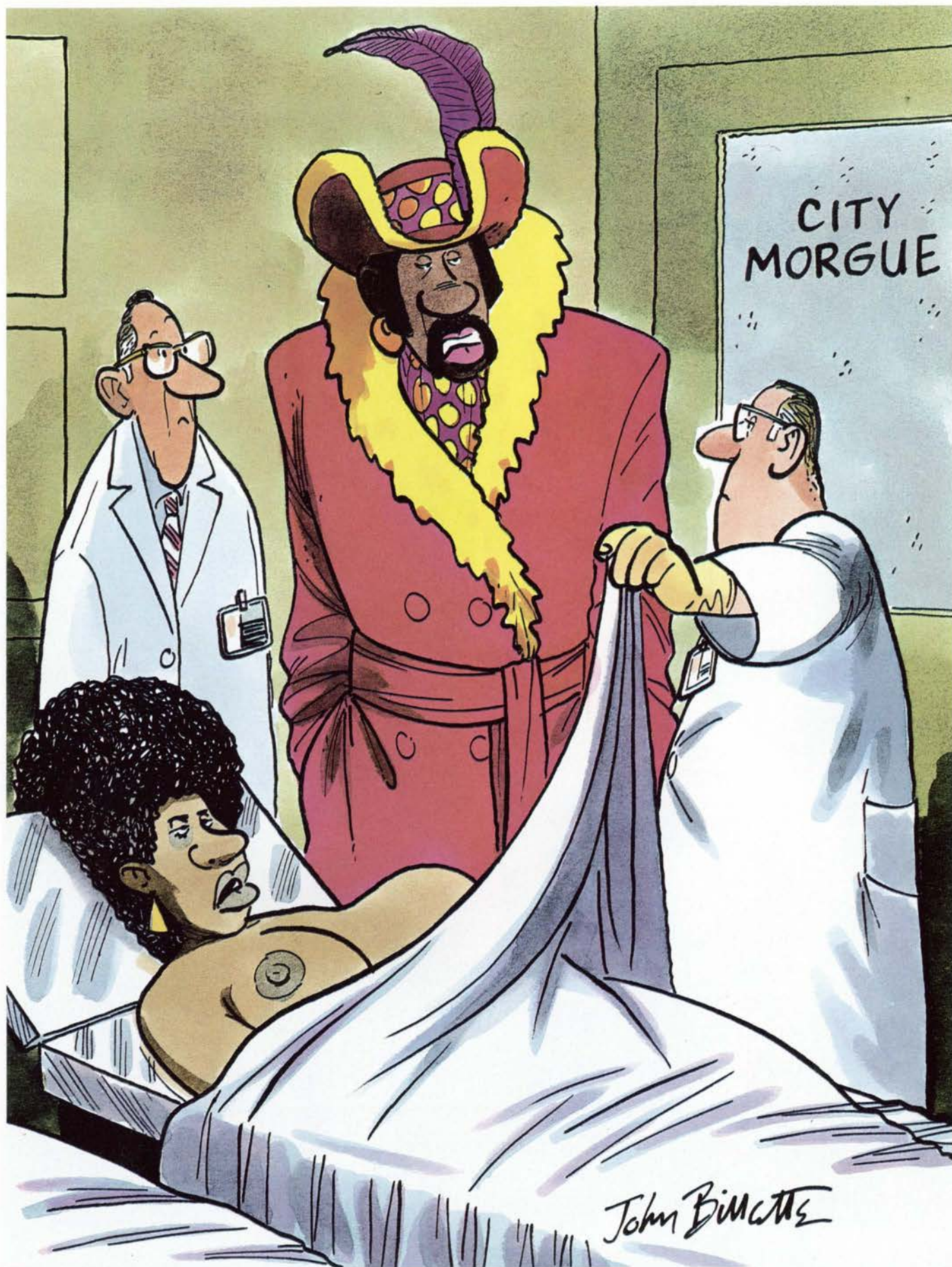
—L. S.  
Dallas, Texas



ELAINE TINSLER

"Y'know, it's so seldom you meet someone you're really compatible with. . . ."





"Yeah, that's my 'ho Regina. Did the bitch have any money on her when you found the body?"



# CHERI

High-Rise Cowgirl



Photography by James Baes











**I**t's not easy being an urban cowgirl these days, but Cheri likes to think she has the best of two worlds. She lives in Manhattan now, but says she's still a country girl at heart. "I like the pace of this city," she explains. "And, generally speaking, the men are more exciting, a very cosmopolitan crowd. But I haven't abandoned the small-town values I grew up with. I love meeting new people, but I'm strictly a one-man woman."





The lanky beauty is most enthusiastic about the man in her life at the moment. "He's taught me much more about sex than I could ever have learned from the guys back home. There I thought wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am was what it was all about. But my new boyfriend can keep me going half the night. He starts by eating me out, real slow and easy, till I can hardly stand it anymore. But when he screws me, it can be gentle or fast and furious. He just seems to know instinctively what I want. Something about city life makes me incredibly horny all the time," Cheri confesses. "I guess you can take the girl out of the country, but you can't take the cunt out of the girl."



















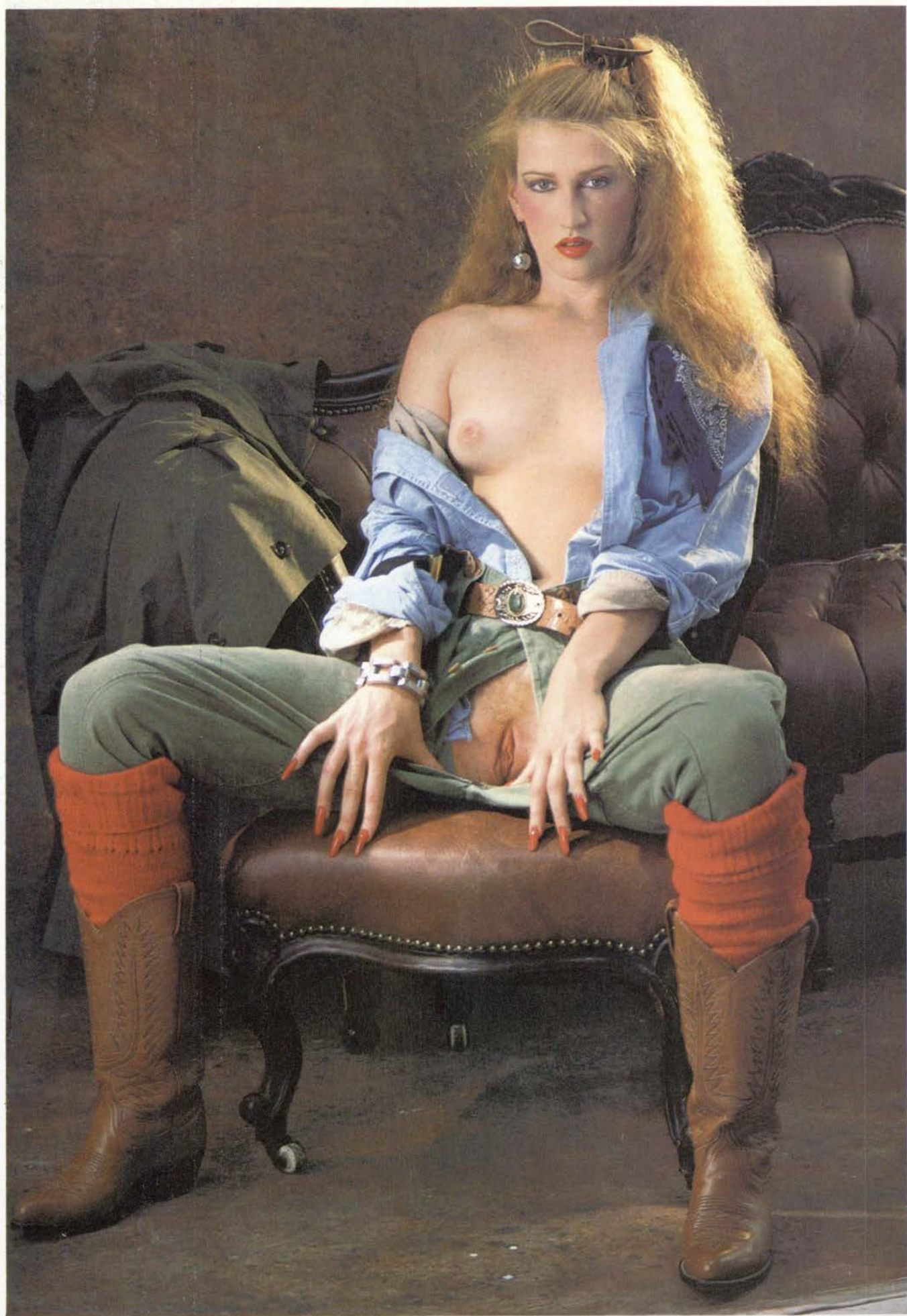


HUSTLER'S HONEY • JANUARY 1986

*Let's get  
down, partner.  
Cheri*









LARRY FLYNT'S

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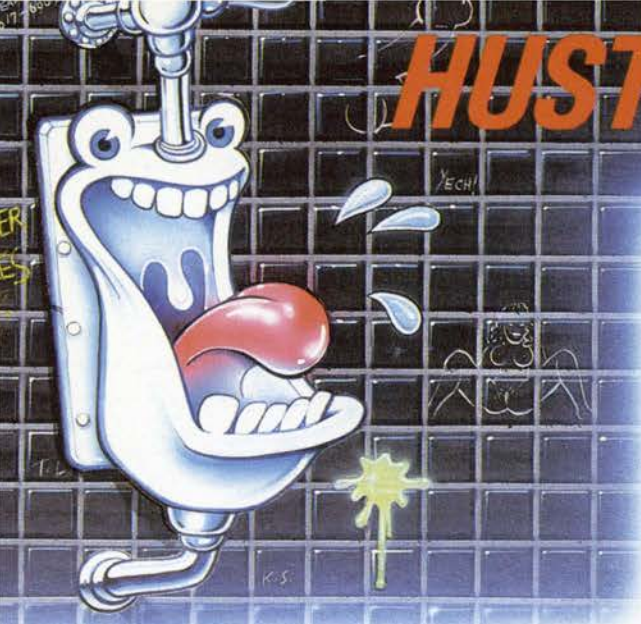
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# HUSTLER HUMOR



**E**d and Larry were talking about Ed's latest date one afternoon. "I took her to Lookout Point and parked under the big oak tree," said Ed. "And after making out for a while, I asked her to fuck."

"So what happened?" asked Larry.

"She said I had to ask the Good Lord first," said Ed. "So I got on my hands and knees and prayed, 'O Lord, let me lay the woman I love.' Then she said, 'He didn't answer; so no pussy!'"

Larry smiled. "Take her back there tonight, and I'll get up in the tree and answer for you."

That night Ed pulled under the big oak tree, and sure enough Larry was there. "Let me have some pussy," Ed said to his date.

"Ask the Good Lord first," she said.

Ed dropped to his knees and pleaded, "O Lord, let me lay the woman I love!"

"O sinner, O sinner," Larry bellowed, "cram it in from hole to hole, and if by chance there's any left for me, shake me down from this damned tree!"

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *shake 'n' bake* as: Michael Jackson filming a Pepsi commercial.

**I**n an effort to get rid of hookers the police clamped down and arrested any woman seen working the streets that night. The line to the jail was so long, it went around the block. An old lady passing by spotted her granddaughter and asked what the line was for. The girl, not wanting her granny to know about her work, said free oranges were being handed out.

"Oh, good," said the old lady, who immediately went to the back of the line. After a while she reached the front and was amazed to find herself in the police department. Equally amazed was the desk sergeant, who blew his cool when he saw the old lady.

"Tell me, madam," he said with an air of surprise, "aren't you a little old for this?"

"Don't you believe it," said the old lady. "I take my teeth out and suck 'em dry."

**Q**uestion: What's the difference between a circumcision and a crucifixion?

Answer: In a circumcision they don't throw the whole Jew away.

**D**uring the Vietnam War a fat young man known for his excessive beer drinking was drafted. When he appeared for his physical examination, the Army doctor eyed him up and down. Then he poked the inductee's ponderous belly with his index finger. "What's this," the doctor asked with obvious distaste, "beer?"

"I don't know," replied the recruit. "There's a tap below it. Try a glass."

**Q**uestion: Who's the most nervous man in Hollywood these days?

Answer: The last guy to get a piece of the Rock.

**A** couple appeared before a judge in a divorce proceeding. "What are your grounds?" he asked.

"Cruel and inhuman punishment," the woman said. "He tied me to the bed, then forced me to sing the national anthem while he peed on me."

"That's horrible," the magistrate muttered.

"Yeah," the woman said. "He knows how much I hate to sing!"

**L**isa and Jeff were celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary. "You can have anything you want for a present," announced Lisa.

"How about a blowjob?" Jeff asked.

That night in bed Lisa, doing it for the first time, made a great effort to please her mate. When she sensed he was getting close to a climax, she asked, "Honey, what do I do when you come?"

"How do I know?! I'm not a cocksucker!"

**T**he circus was coming to town, and all four elephants were walking in traditional fashion, each one grasping with his trunk the tail of the elephant in front. They reached some railroad tracks and almost crossed them safely when a train hit the last one.

A few months later the railroad company received a bill for the loss of four pachyderms. "But we killed only one," said the spokesman.

"Yes," said the circus owner, "but you tore the asses out of the other three."

**T**wo hunters were forced by a storm to seek shelter in a house occupied by a farmer's widow. When the hunters met again the following season, one asked, "Did you screw that old bag we stayed with last year?"

"Sure did," admitted the other.

"And you used my name and told her you were me?"

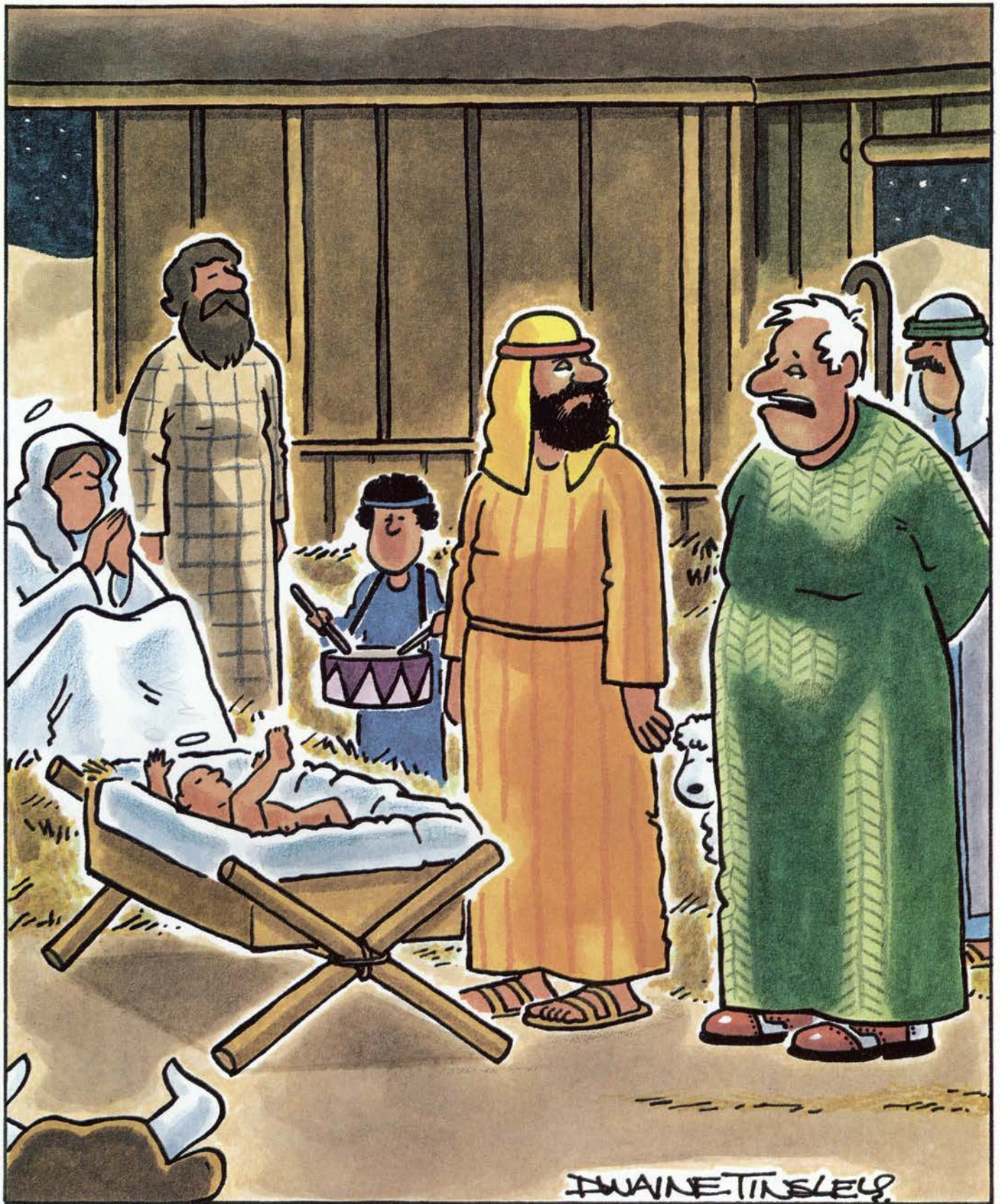
"Yeah, I did that too," laughed his hunting pal. "Didn't knock her up, did I?"

"No, no," smiled his friend. "It's just that she died yesterday and left me her house and \$100,000!"

*HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.*



# Chester the MOLEster



"This Messiah dude—think it'll be easier to get pussy if we say He's a close personal friend?"



A woman's head with dark, curly hair lies on a light blue tiled floor. Her eyes are closed, and her mouth is open in a gasp. Mechanical components, including gears, springs, and wires, are scattered around her head. Several pools of blood are visible on the tiles to the right of her head.

# THE ARRANGEMENT

This business of sharing your sex partner had seemed like such a good idea at first. But Charlie was far from happy about it now. George was in the bedroom with Sherrie, and Charlie was jealous, jealous as hell. He knew that Sherrie was unhappy

FICTION BY PETER EKLUND





Illustration by Koji Takei



## THE ARRANGEMENT (continued from page 67)

*Every other night he slept with and made love to Sherrie.  
Every other night it was George's turn.*

with the arrangement. Oh, maybe she didn't mind at first. After all, she was a very sexy lady, and all the regular sex she got from both of them had really stoked her fires. But at heart she was a one-man woman. She had told him so when they were alone.

He knew that after his disastrous divorce he had sworn off women. That was before Sherrie. That was why he and George had entered into their arrangement. It had seemed like such a good idea at the time. They would share. He and George would share Sherrie. They took alternate nights. Every other night he slept with and made love to Sherrie. Every other night it was George's turn.

But it wasn't working out. Sherrie had told Charlie that she preferred him. She said she wanted him and him alone. He had tried to bring it up to George. George never would listen to him. Whenever he would try to broach the subject of the arrangement, George would walk away.

George had laughed at him. He said Charlie was talking stupid. He couldn't believe that George had laughed at him.

It was all so simple. Sherrie loved him, and he loved her. It wasn't their fault. It had just happened.

It had all started last year when he had gotten divorced. Rather it was Joyce who had divorced him. She took everything. It was like that song, "She got the mine; I got the shaft." He had thought he was going to snap at first. But Sherrie and her sexy ways and her genuine enjoyment of sex had turned him around. She was totally different than Joyce. He had become aware that she loved him. It had opened him up to the possibility of living and loving again.

George worked in the same office as Charlie. They had never been close friends—just office acquaintances. But they were brothers in misery. It had seemed like such a good idea at the time. Neither one of them had much money after their respective divorces. So they had rented an apartment together. It was a nice two-bedroom apartment. It was a lot nicer than anything either of them could have gotten separately.

Now Charlie was alone in his bedroom listening to George make love to Sherrie.

He could hear the bed squeak. He could hear George's loud grunts of passion. The pig. He was beginning to hate George. He was afraid. He didn't know how Sherrie could stand having that insensitive brute on top of her and in her.

He didn't know how he could stand it much longer either. He could hear George's grunt of passion as he climaxed. Then there was silence, the silence of two people who are not communicating. Not like when it was Sherrie and him. No, when they made love, it was altogether different. Then there was sharing and tenderness, all the little nuances of two people partaking of love together in passion and tenderness.

George was big—a football player in college. Somewhat gone to seed now, he had a receding hairline, a paunch and was getting fat. The trouble was that he still had enough of the old football muscle under the overlay of fat to walk all over Charlie. When there was a clash of wills, George had his little ways of reminding Charlie of this. He had a way of blustering, a way of drawing himself up to his full six foot five, thrusting out his gut into Charlie's stomach and glaring down at him. Charlie knew he was no match for George in any physical way.

But there had to be a way. Sherrie loved him; she had told him as much. It didn't matter what the arrangement was; they were in love. Charlie knew that Sherrie wanted out of the arrangement.

George wouldn't hear of it. Whenever Charlie tried to reason with him, it was always the same. George would push his beer gut into Charlie, peer down at him and just giggle his nasty laugh, which resulted in Charlie getting sprayed with spit. Charlie didn't know what to do. He was getting desperate.

At work the next day Charlie was grateful that he didn't have to deal directly with George; they were in separate departments. Supper that night was an exercise in icy aloofness. Neither man had much to say to each other, other than George's sly grins that Charlie did his best to ignore.

It was Charlie's turn to cook as it was his turn with Sherrie. He hurried through his clean-up chores in a slapdash, absentminded manner. All he could think about was Sherrie and the passion they soon would share.

George went out muttering that he was going to see how drunk he could get. Charlie was glad to see him leave. He and Sherrie could have the apartment all to themselves. The thought of George even hearing their tender moments together was something he didn't even want to think about. He grabbed Sherrie by the arm and hustled her into the bathroom.

Charlie was six feet tall, sandy haired



"Were you fired from your last job or did you quit?"





"God, I just love these crotchless panties!"



## THE ARRANGEMENT (continued from page 68)

*With gentle sucking action, she drew his sex organ into her mouth. He almost came at that point.*

and sharp featured. His hair had a wave in it when he was younger, but all that remained was a slight rise at his peak when he combed it. He wore glasses for reading. He called this his only concession to the onslaught of middle age. He had put on his sexy, red nylon pajamas just for Sherrie.

Sherrie was sitting on the edge of the bathtub, her legs spread. Raven-black hair that swept down her back to just below her shoulder blades set off her girlish face. She had a cute mouth slightly rounded into what Charlie thought was the sexiest pout he had ever seen. Lips that looked as if they were dripping from sipping sweet, red wine made her the most kissable doll that he had ever known in his too-sheltered life. Her breasts tilted up at an almost-impossible angle, tipped with the reddest nipples in the world. An elegantly slender waist complemented her unsurpassed bosom to make her a beauty beyond imagination.

Sherrie had hips that swelled at the sides to achieve what the statue makers had tried to create when they chiseled out the love goddesses. The cheeks of her

fanny were enough to make Venus slaver with envy.

Her fanny was not much in evidence as she sat on the edge of the tub with her model's legs spread. Bent over, Charlie was gently washing out her vagina. He knew that she was the cleanest, freshest girl he had ever known. But it pleased him to go through this rite of washing her to ritually remove any traces of that pig George and his animal passions. Plus he knew it made her feel sexier, if that were possible.

After he had gently rinsed her genitals, Charlie bent down to kiss her outer lips, just between the vaginal opening and where her silky, inky pubic hair started. He felt her shiver as his tongue probed deeper and deeper into her inner depths. It was all she could do to keep from falling off the tub edge. It was necessary for him to hold onto her waist as passion overtook her, and he felt her shake into orgasm.

He could tell how far she was gone into her passion; she was sagging over his back. He applied himself with a will, attempting to drive his tongue into her

inner being as if he were trying to empty her insides. His tongue and lips played a rhapsody of pure lust within her genitals.

Charlie could tell she was almost in a dead faint from his swirling tongue. Helen of Troy couldn't have had as sexy a body as Sherrie. Nor could she have had as genuine enjoyment of lovemaking or been as sexy-looking, Charlie was thinking.

Sweeping her up in his arms, he carried her into his bedroom. He was thankful that his insensitive roommate was out. He knew that he would make some totally insensitive remark. He had in the past. Tonight was Charlie's night, and he would make Sherrie forget George's crudities of the night before.

Laying her down on his freshly made bed, he displayed more gentleness than he would have to a princess of royal birth. She sagged back replete with passion, spent on the glorious battlefield of love.

Head lolling back, Sherrie lay there, her hair spread about her like an India ink pool of jet black. Her rosy-tipped breasts pointed skyward; her long, gently tapered legs set off her vagina like an expensive frame on the masterpiece that it was. Her genitals were a work of art that he was certain no other woman on Earth could surpass.

Stripping off his pajamas, he climbed up onto the bed. Bending down to kiss her, he exercised all of his restraint. He was afraid to wake her from her dreams of unimagined beauty. The kiss he gave her was lingering, almost virginal. All of his deep love and affection was being poured into this single kiss.

He could feel her stirring under him. Charlie heard her murmurings of joy and love as she woke, just as Sleeping Beauty must have drifted up into consciousness when kissed by the Prince. The flutter of butterfly wings that he could feel against his chest was the signal to Charlie that she was waking into life.

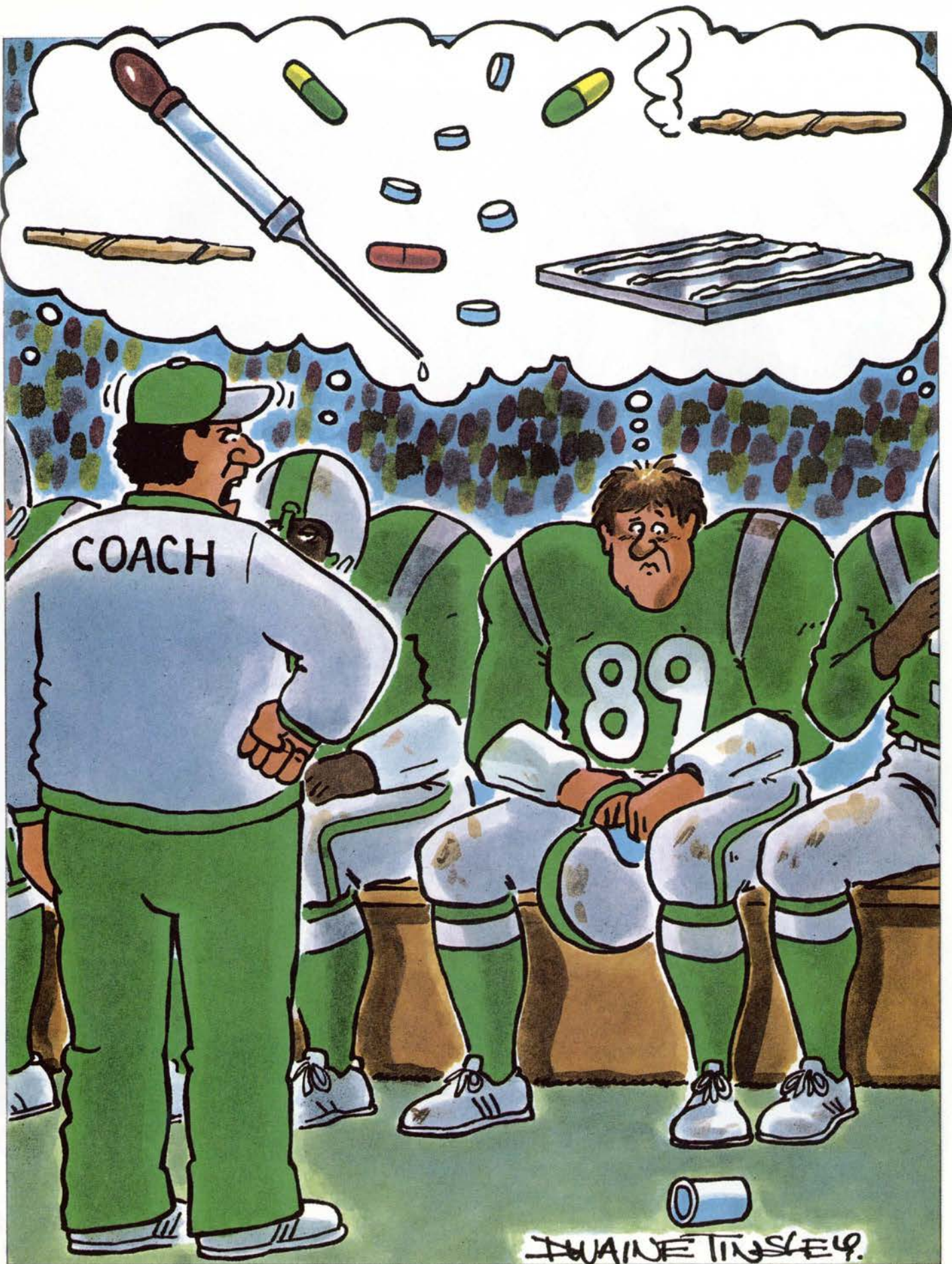
Kissing his way down her body, he lingered for a moment at her delicately crafted navel. As he ran his tongue around the inside of it, he could hear her murmurings of restirred passion. He could almost feel the waves of her love washing over him like surf at the beach on a warm summer night.

Having reached her pubic hair, he attempted to swirl it into curlicues with his tongue. Charlie could feel her stirring and shifting around under him. He adjusted himself so that his engorged penis would go into her mouth. With gentle sucking action, she drew his sex organ into her mouth. He almost came at that point. But Charlie restrained himself so that he could bring Sherrie to a climax at

*(continued on page 80)*







"We're down 28-0. Come on, fellas! Get your minds in the game!"





COME ON IN.

THE WATER

Photography by Clive McLean

Wish you were  
here, don't you?





ALWAYS  
USE ZIP CODE



Edwin Normal  
3950 Burnt Lane  
Broken Bow,  
South Dakota  
57609

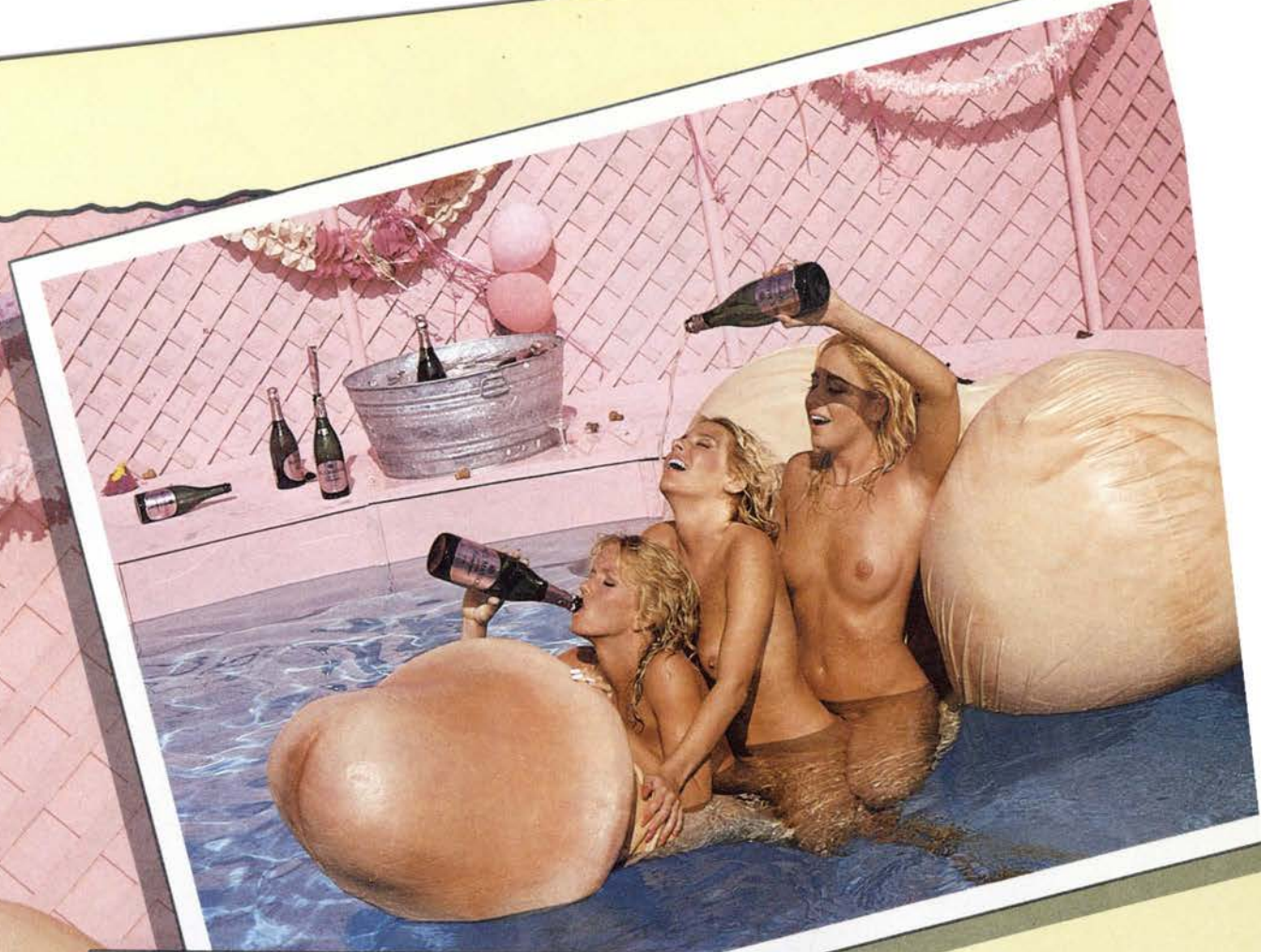
IS FINE

re  
Jessica







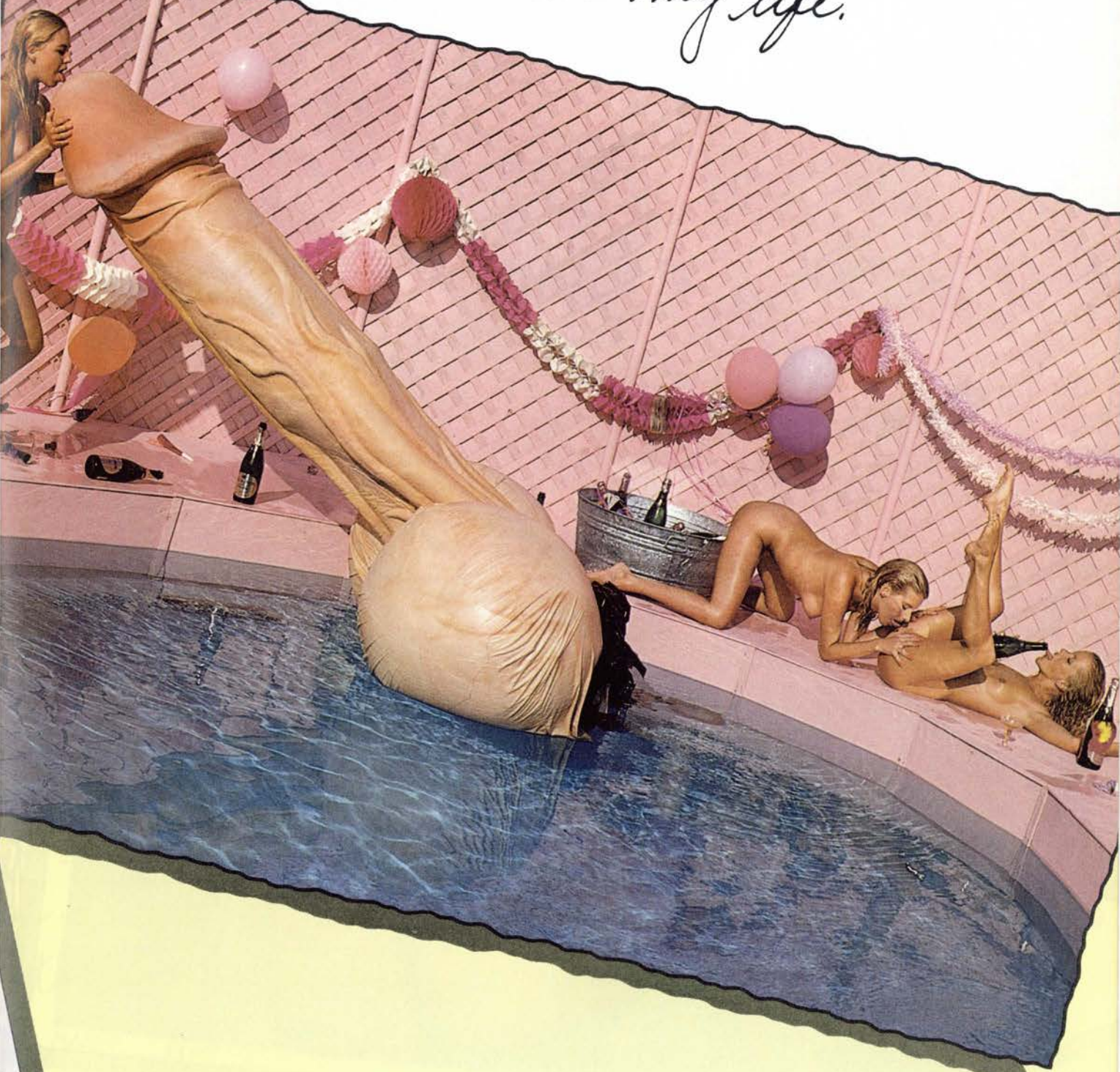








I've made several new friends during this trip. The girls and I have really gotten into water sports. I've never had such a ball in all my life.







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on  
C





tastic!  
er felt so  
od. Palm Springs  
the greatest.  
arry, Edwin, but I'm  
never coming home.  
Jessica



## THE ARRANGEMENT (continued from page 70)

*He couldn't believe it, but he felt his penis rising as if it were being pulled upright by a powerful magnet.*

the same time.

Then he felt her vagina begin to spasm; his penis bucked in her mouth. Sherrie started sucking with a lust that was unsurpassable. It felt to Charlie as if his whole insides were spewing forth into her mouth. Her suction was delicious. He had never thought it could be that good.

Charlie swam up out of his haze of spent passion and love. Cuddling Sherrie to his chest, he whispered words of love in her ear. Sherrie whispered back to him. He could hear her murmur that she loved him and him alone.

He couldn't believe it, but he felt his penis rising as if it were being pulled upright by a powerful magnet. Sherrie was indicating that she too was ready to love again. She was unbelievable. Unbelievable, but oh so lovable.

Kissing her, he entered her with the same motion. Her vagina was a tight glove clasp his genitals gently but firmly with a soft, passionate little-girl lust that he found so entrancing.

The thrusting started out gently, but as he heard her panting for him to "Screw me faster and harder!" he increased his

tempo. Her vagina was pulsing around his shaft. The feeling was exquisite. Having married young, he hadn't had a large amount of sexual experience, but he was certain there was no other woman like Sherrie. No one else could be this passionate, this loving, this sexy.

He was spewing forth all of the semen that he had left. Sherrie had gone over the edge; he could feel her vagina gripping and clasp him with a soft grasp that filled him with all the love he had to give. He fainted with pure delight.

As he lay in the hazy afterglow of spent desires, he realized that they would have to find some way out of the clutches of George and his insistence that they adhere to the arrangement. Charlie reassured Sherrie that never again would she have to submit to the dirty lust of his roommate's filthy animalism.

Charlie left Sherrie alone the next day. George went to work. Taking a sick day, Charlie went to a bar that he knew of and asked if John Sawzer had been around lately. The bartender told him that Sawzer usually came in about noon. He got a little high waiting for him, but he

knew if anyone could help, John could.

Sure enough, at 12:15 John strolled in. "Hi, John! Just the guy I was looking for."

"What can I do for you that's worth my while, Charlie?"

"Well, you see, I gotta go on a trip for the company, and it'll be in some pretty scruffy areas, and I was thinking what you said last week about how a guy should carry his own protection nowadays. The cops don't protect people anymore—they're afraid of all the rules the Supreme Court's been layin' on them."

"Yeah, Charlie, I know what you mean. But I don't carry that kind o' merchandise on me. Come on, we'll go over to my place."

They drank up and got into Charlie's Ford. It was old, but it got them there. He was thankful that Sherrie wasn't one of those women who demand a man with a fancy car and a lot of money. He knew that she truly loved him.

The pistol took almost all of his available cash, but it was worth it. George wasn't going to bully them anymore. Tonight he would show George that he couldn't use Sherrie anymore.

When George came home from work, Charlie was waiting in the living room. In order to keep down his fear of George, he had been drinking. He was definitely going to end this farce once and for all. Sherrie loved him. She didn't love George. She never had. She had entered into their arrangement—that was true. But that was before they came to love one another. Charlie hoped that George would listen to reason for once. And if he didn't—well, that wasn't his fault.

Before, in the bedroom, he had reassured Sherrie that she would never have to submit to George again. She was so grateful and happy that he knew he was doing the right thing. Sherrie removed all of his doubts. He was glad that he had brought home a bottle to keep up his courage. Even with the gun he was still afraid of George and his sheer bulk.

When George entered the apartment, he was his usual unfeeling self. "Hi, ya, Charlie. What did ya do, take the day off so's you could lay around and screw the doll? Didn't ya get enough last night?"

Going over to the closet, George hung up his jacket. "Well, you're awful quiet. Cat got your tongue? Or did Sherrie baby wear ya out?" He plopped down in the overstuffed brown chair by the TV, his feet outstretched.

"Listen, George, we gotta talk. You and me, we gotta talk."

"Talk? Talk about what? You look awful funny. Are you all right?"

"George, we gotta talk about me and you and Sherrie."

"What in hell are you talking about? You drunk or something?"



*"It's my shit, Doc. . . . It doesn't float."*





"Two dollars to watch yo' sleigh, bro'?"



## THE ARRANGEMENT (continued from page 80)

*"Simmer down. You're actin' crazy. You're talkin' crazy. You know what Sherrie is. For Christ's sake. She's a—"*

"No, George, I'm not drunk. It's this arrangement. It's not working."

"What do you mean it's not working? We're both broke from alimony and child support. We're both hard up. It's not what some people would call nice, but beggars can't be choosers."

"Sherrie loves me, and I love her too. She doesn't love you. She never did. We can't go on like this anymore. She's not going to bed with you anymore. It's over. You've got to understand."

"Understand? Understand what? You're talking crazy. I don't get what you're talking about. You're nuts!"

"No, I'm not, George. I'm talking sense. This arrangement isn't working."

"You're talking shit, Charlie, pure shit. You're talking pure crazy. You're drunk. Go to bed; sleep it off. You'll be okay in the morning."

"No, I won't be any different in the morning. We've gotta settle this now. Sherrie's not going to submit to your animal lusts anymore. It's over. Don't you understand?"

"Yeah, I understand you're crazy."

"No, George, it's you that's crazy if you

think a sweet girl like Sherrie could want to keep on sleeping with you when we love each other. She's far too nice a girl for the likes of you."

"What in hell are you talking about? Have you slipped your trolley? Don't you realize what Sherrie is?"

"Yes, I realize what Sherrie is. She's too nice a girl for the likes of you. It's over. The arrangement between us is over! Through! Do you understand that much, you pig?"

"Pig? Why you drunken son of a bitch!" Staring at Charlie with a wondering look in his eye, he lurched to his feet. "I don't know about you, Charlie. I don't know about you at all."

"What's to know, George? What's to know? That Sherrie loves me? Didn't you think anyone could love me? Is your pride hurt? Do you think that just because you're so big and tough that you're God's gift to women? Didn't you think it possible that Sherrie could prefer me to you? Well, she does. Damn you, she does!"

George started across the room with a puzzled look on his face. "Now, now,

Charlie, simmer down. Simmer down. You're actin' crazy. You're talkin' crazy. You know what Sherrie is. For Christ's sake. She's a —"

"Stop! Stop right there! Don't come a step closer. Don't say another rotten word about Sherrie. This is between you and me. You're not going to bully me anymore. I've had enough of your shit. And Sherrie has too."

Keeping his slow pace across the room, George had his hands out in front of him as if to placate a small unruly child. "Charlie, Charlie, sit down. For God's sake, we can talk about this. You're not makin' any sense."

Charlie pulled the gun from his pocket, a snub-nosed .38. It was blued steel, glinting eerily in the dim light of the apartment. He knew that George was only trying to get close enough to overpower and bully him.

It wasn't going to happen anymore. He wasn't going to let it. He had been pushed far enough. First his ex-wife, then her lawyer, then that bastard of a judge. For the past few months it had been George. Charlie had been pushed beyond his limits. He had taken all the shit he was going to take.

Charlie was backed to the wall, and still George was coming toward him, slowly but surely like a slow-moving tank, unstoppable. His hands were outstretched, moving slowly in front of him, as if he were feeling his way in a dark room.

"George, stop! Stop right there. Don't come any closer. I've taken all the shit I'm going to take. I mean business."

The trouble was that George couldn't believe him. Gentle, easygoing Charlie that he had been able to talk into doing most of the chores in the apartment, that had loaned him money he had never paid back—and never would. This was the Charlie he had easily bullied ever since they had roomed together. This was the Charlie he had talked into their arrangement. It had been Charlie's money that had financed that too. No, he couldn't believe that Charlie even dared put bullets in the gun.

George made a grab for the gun. As his hand closed over it, the weapon roared. It was deafening in the confines of the small apartment. In his agony and incomprehension of what was happening George convulsively pulled the gun to him. It fired again and yet one more time. He slumped to the floor, blood gushing out of three wounds, two in the stomach and one in the heart.

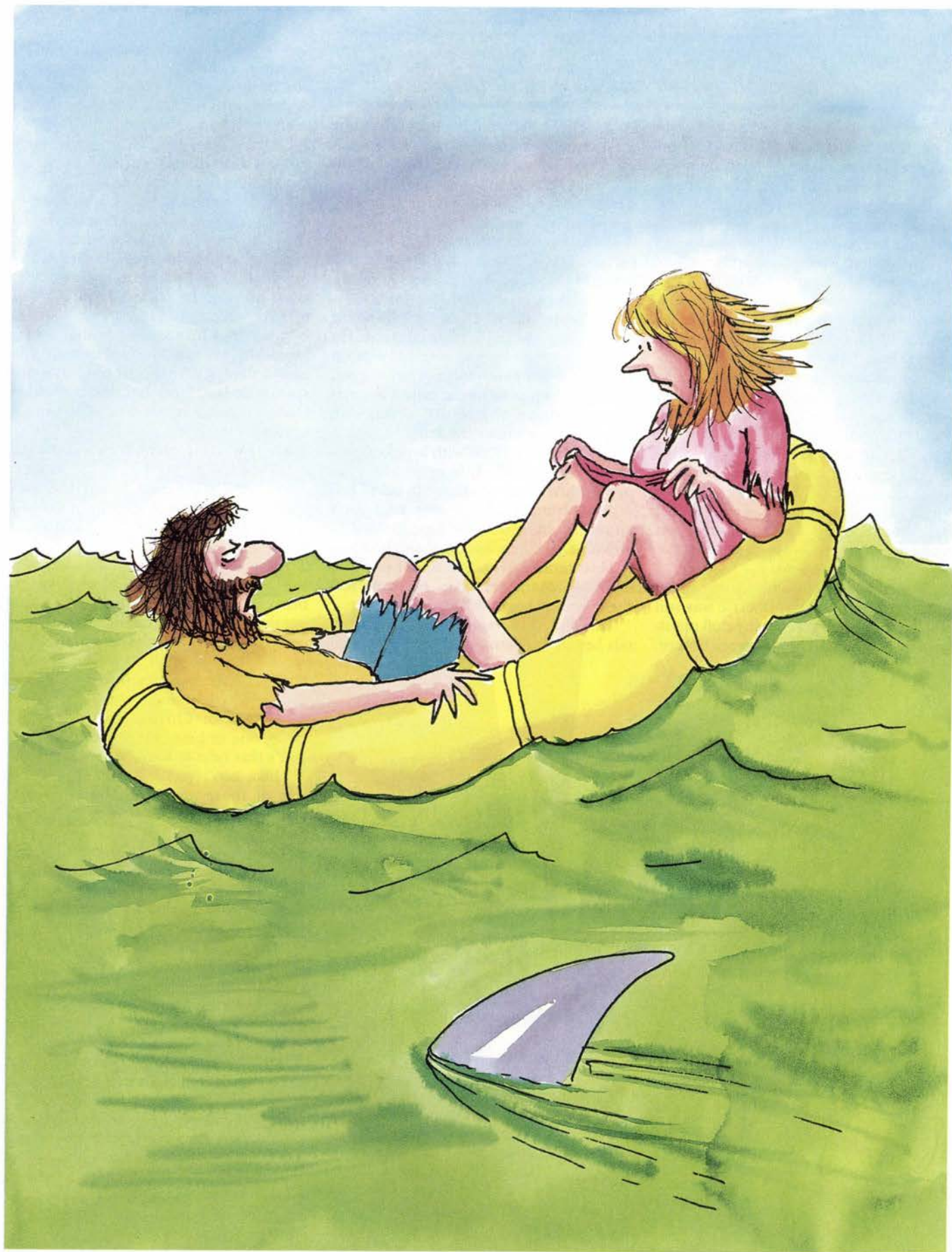
George's face was a study in disbelief and total lack of comprehension. He couldn't believe that Charlie had the guts to do it, and he couldn't believe he was dying.

Charlie went into the bedroom, where



*"Just look at you! Out ho-ho-ho-ing again!"*





"Er, no thanks, Margo . . . I've been eating fish for the past 97 days."



## THE ARRANGEMENT (continued from page 82)

*His penis entered her vagina. He started the motions of love that began with Adam and Eve under the Tree.*

Sherrie had been waiting for the outcome. Now he knew, and he saw that she also knew there could be no future for them. They only had now, this minute, this second, whatever time was left before the police arrived.

Taking her in his arms, he comforted her. He listened while she murmured her love for him. No matter what, he knew now, it was worth it. Charlie listened as she told him that she did not want to go on without him. After his sweet love she couldn't stand the thought of living without him. Sherrie would not go on to other Georges, other callous, lust-filled men. If she couldn't have Charlie, she would share whatever fate befell him.

Though he had taken her into his arms only to comfort her, she still had the power to arouse him. He couldn't believe it. His penis was erecting. He could tell that Sherrie could feel it through his clothing. He felt her squirm in his arms, her head nodding assent.

Lowering her to the bed, Charlie hastily threw off his clothes. Sherrie was still wearing the sheer, green baby-doll nightgown he had bought her the week before.

It set off her pale, pink skin. It made her even more beautiful, if that were possible. The love was welling up inside of him like the ocean at full moon. It was wonderful, terminal, but beautiful.

Kissing his way down her body, he licked her navel in the way that he knew pleased her so much. Charlie could feel her move under him as passion and love overtook her for this one last time.

As Charlie kissed her ear, he whispered his undying love for her one last time. He was harder than he had ever been in his entire life. His penis entered her vagina; it clasped him in its loving grip. He started the motions of love that began with Adam and Eve under the Tree.

Charlie was so filled with love and passion that he was ready to erupt almost as soon as he started to plunge in deep. But with a strength of will that he hadn't known he possessed, he held himself in check. It was their last time, and he knew it. He intended to make it their best. Sliding in again and yet again, he could feel sheer ecstasy begin to take hold of her.

The tempo increased; then her genitals began to spasm, clutching his organ

with gentle strength. Plunging deep, he grabbed the cheeks of her fanny, and they went into a convulsion of delirium together. The fluid of their love spilled out of Sherrie's pulsating vagina and dripped onto the bed, making a puddle beneath them.

Looking down, he could see that Sherrie had fainted with bliss and joy, her head lolling back on the pillow.

Before she had a chance to recover, he quickly reached down and recovered his revolver from his clothing on the floor. Holding it to her temple, Charlie held his breath as he pulled the trigger. Looking away quickly, he raised it to his own temple.

"Sherrie, I love you more than I have loved any woman," he whispered as he pulled the trigger one last time. The gun spoke its last, and he slumped down alongside her. His blood mingled with his semen on the bed.

There was one last bullet left in the gun if anyone should need it.

The neighbors had heard the gunshots. Being afraid to stir out in the hall, they had done the safe thing and called the police.

After knocking repeatedly to no response, they had found it necessary to break in. Now they were gingerly searching through the apartment.

"Leo, there's one stiff here in the living room. Come on, let's check out the bedrooms." Together they poked their guns around the door and looked.

"Harry, for Christ's sake, there's another one in here. He's naked. What in hell's that next to him?"

"Leo, can't you tell what that is? It's one of those sex dolls. You know, you screw 'em like they was a woman or something."

The two cops walked over to the bed together. It was obvious that Charlie had shot himself; there was no danger. They could see the murder weapon next to his hand.

"For God's sake, Harry, what in hell went on here?"

"God's probably the only one that will ever know. I certainly can't figure it out."


Walking over to the bed, Harry looked down, "Come 'ere, Leo. Look, he shot the damned doll right in the head. What in hell possessed him?"

Bending down, Leo rolled the doll over on its stomach. "Looka this, will ya? See what it says on her ass."

It read, "Sex Doll-Deluxe-Sherrie Model-with vibrating mouth and vagina. Batteries included."

"This is crazy, Harry!"

"Yeah, see what it says on the other cheek, Leo."

"Made in Japan." 



"There! Still think wrestling is fake?"



# Beaver Hunt

It's time for another month's worth of mouth-watering Beavers. And we want to remind all amateur exhibitionists that HUSTLER is always anxious to see another pretty face. So ladies willing to flash their assets should get those photos in right away.

Send entries (preferably more than one color photo—Polaroids are fine) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. (All entries become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.) Use the model release on page 94, and fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the \$100 for any gal whose picture we print.

Photo by Friend



Luanna, 24, is a dancer from Jacksonville, Florida, who's into weightlifting and water-skiing. Her fantasy is to have two special people make love to her while she's dancing onstage.

Photo by Dave



Valparaiso, Indiana's Cheryl, 20, is a waitress who likes rock music and dancing. She dreams of being teased and fucked by her man all night long.



The pride of La Vergne, Tennessee, 25-year-old Travis is a student and store manager who loves roller-skating and giving head. She dreams of a ménage a trois involving her fiancé and one of three others: George Michael of Wham!, Seka or a large male dog.



Photo by Fiancé



Photo by Friend

C. T., 18, is a student nurse and heavy-metal headbanger from Tampa, Florida. She dreams of appearing in a HUSTLER layout with the men of her choice.



Photo by Husband

Jonnell, 30, of Allenhurst, Georgia, is a factory seamstress. She likes art, sewing and horses, and her fantasy is to reach orgasm in front of a camera.





Photo by Best Friend



Tantalizing Theresa, 23, is an Overland, Missouri, hairdresser who loves boating, sunbathing and dressing up for men. She'd like to start the first topless beauty salon.

Photo by Fiancé



Statuesque Michelle, 23, is a machine operator from Ayer, Massachusetts. She loves partying and pleasing her man, and her fantasy has just been fulfilled-appearing in *Beaver Hunt*.

*One for the Ladies*

Photo by Girlfriend



Carlos is a 20-year-old cashier from Miami, Florida, who's into swimming and taking sexy pictures. A true Prince Charming, he wants to take advantage of a beautiful woman while she sleeps, waking her up by sucking her all over her body.





Rene is a 26-year-old Detroit student who enjoys swimming and dancing. She longs to have a private collection of gentleman lovers.



Photo by J. B.

Twenty-two-year-old Annette of Killeen, Texas, is a homemaker who loves dancing and having a good time. She dreams of having her own harem of men.



Photo by Husband



Photo by Husband

Lovely Loretta—a 20-year-old Oak Grove, Kentucky, housewife—enjoys horseback riding, swimming and sex. She dreams of her and her husband having sex with another couple.





## EARTHQUAKE (continued from page 40)

*A 747 pilot flying into Los Angeles International Airport says, "God bless you people. God bless all of you."*

And the nightmare has only begun.

\* \* \*

July 16 started as a typical Los Angeles summer day. The temperature downtown at 10 a.m. was 82°, and was predicted by forecasters to rise to 96° by four in the afternoon. The onshore breeze was 19 m.p.h., gusting to 22, the kind of breeze city dwellers rarely feel because of the high-rise buildings. As is usual, there has been no measurable precipitation since early spring. The brush in the hills, overgrown because of freak rains in the early '80s, is dryer than year-old newsprint. Fires in the preceding two years have burned off very little brush, thanks to the efficiency of the Los Angeles Fire Department, which, given the unique geographical conditions of the city it serves, is arguably one of the world's best. Los Angeles has never had a truly major fire. London, San Francisco, New York, Chicago and other great cities have all burned to the ground at one time or another. It alone has been spared.

But as every rookie firefighter in California knows, Los Angeles has been built to burn. Except for commercial and industrial structures and a few brick apartment houses downtown, virtually all of the city's buildings are of wood-frame construction—not only single-family dwellings, but two- and three-story offices, apartments and condominiums. With wire lathing and slathered with quarter-inch stucco, they're as fragile as a dinner plate. (Basically, they're made of the same stuff.) In rich neighborhoods and poor these structures stand cheek by jowl, separated by only narrow alleys. In some neighborhoods, blocks of these buildings spread for miles.

The problem is trebly compounded. Los Angeles was once one of the largest producers of oil and natural gas in the world. Buried under L.A.'s streets are not only pipes of pressurized natural gas running to most buildings in the city, but also in many areas there are petroleum pipelines, pools of methane and other naturally occurring flammables, and functioning oil wells. And almost everywhere in the L.A. region, even in luxurious Beverly Hills, electricity is fed to buildings via overhead wires. For years fire experts have warned that a major quake would bring power lines down on top of broken gas mains, causing hundreds of fires all over the city simultaneously—and that is exactly what's happening on July 16, 1987.

In the minutes following the first tem-

blor—others, called aftershocks, will continue for days—all is confusion. From Mount Lee, where the now-mostly-toppled HOLLYWOOD sign faces the city, wisps of smoke can be seen beginning to rise from dozens of locations. In the South Bay city of Torrance a series of explosions hammers the air. A refinery is engulfed. To the west, where the coast used to be, another refinery is sending up a great column of black smoke that is starting to float toward downtown. A Pan Am 747 jumbo jet pulls out of its final approach to Los Angeles International Airport, and the pilot radios to anyone who can hear him that he is diverting to San Diego, 130 miles to the south.

A voice is heard in his earphones: "Are the runways at LAX damaged?"

"I can't tell," the pilot answers. "The tower isn't answering, and I can see that those new freeway overpasses leading out of the airport are all down. The city's a real mess as far as I can see, and we're only going to add to your problems."

The voice comes through the earphones, edged with increasing panic. "Swing up toward Malibu and tell us what

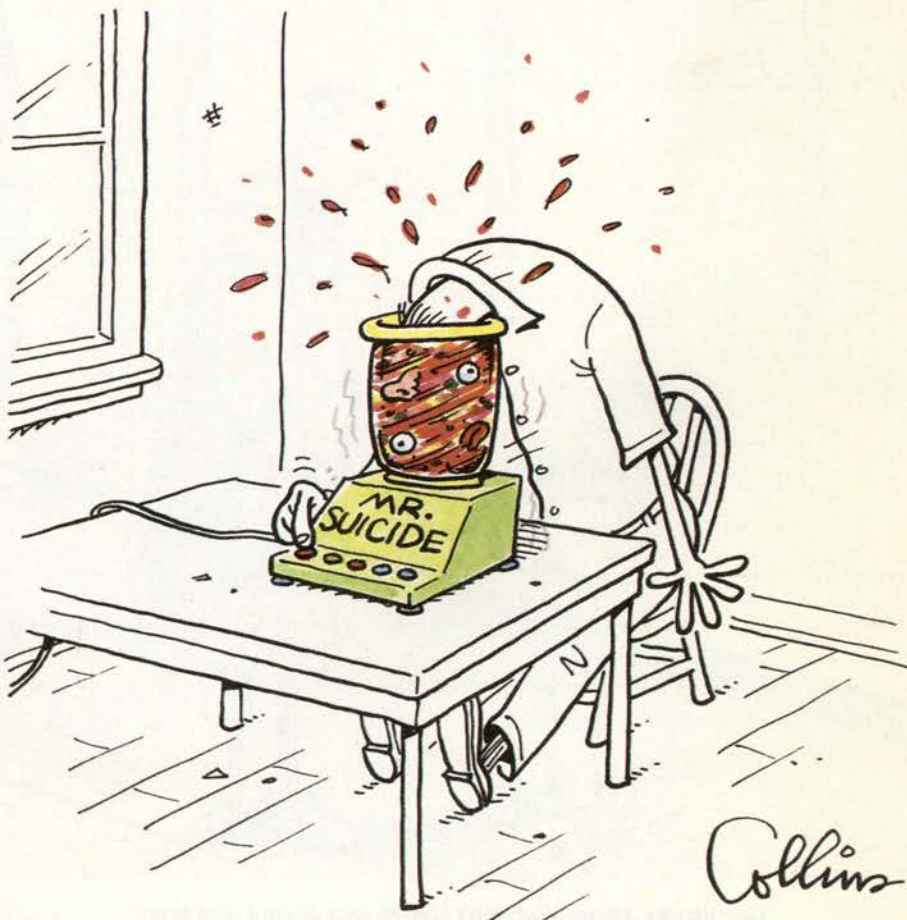
you see of Pacific Coast Highway."

A minute passes before the pilot responds. "The whole area looks like a sandbox. The hills are still sliding down. We're talking a quarter of a mile back. And the ocean looks like somebody had pulled a plug somewhere. God bless you people. God bless all of you."

\* \* \*

Scientists in Hawaii have already estimated that the tidal wave created by the Los Angeles earthquake will reach the islands in less than seven hours. Traveling at 450 m.p.h. and more than 40 feet high, the wave will be devastating. But at least the Islanders will have time to get to high ground and out of danger.

Meanwhile, in the half-hour it takes L.A. authorities to learn that all roads north through the mountains are closed, the death toll in the city keeps mounting. People die of injuries sustained in the quake, of electrocution, gas asphyxiation, in explosions and in automobile accidents brought about by panic. They fall from buildings or are crushed by those still collapsing. Firefighters are hampered by loss of water pressure. Rescue helicopters are in the air, but there are so many people who need help, and emergency rooms are so crowded with people who have walked or driven to them, that for a long time any effort seems futile. In that half-hour it is estimated that another



Collins



## *A survivor of the bombing of Dresden, Germany, in World War II whispers the Jewish prayer for the dead.*

12,000 people have died.

Los Angeles television is off the air. Emergency transmitter power is reserved for radio, which urges people to remain calm, draw and store water, stay home, keep the streets clear for fire and rescue equipment—and, most of all, to stay away from the beaches. No one knows when the water will return, how high the wave will be or even if certain areas near the old shoreline are now below sea level.

But few are listening. There is no electricity, portable radios are few and far between, and people in their cars want only information about escape routes. Residents are telling themselves to believe their eyes. There are fires seemingly everywhere, smoke has blotted out the sun, and the sidewalks are crowded with dazed, bleeding, panicky people. Many streets are jammed with motionless cars. In more than one location where autos have veered onto the sidewalks, bowling people over, the hysterical drivers have been pulled from their cars and beaten to a pulp.

Within the first hours, however, authorities believe they have taken the first

steps to gain control over the situation. Fire equipment is headed to the city from all over the state. Neighboring counties have committed helicopters to rescue operations. U.S. Marines from El Toro and Camp Pendleton will join police and the California Highway Patrol in an effort to open roads and keep them open. But when a radio in a truck parked in a devastated shopping center blares that looters will be shot, the driver clears the chamber of his fully automatic Uzi submachine gun and mutters, "We'll shoot back!"

But then he hears a helicopter. Everybody can. Because of the smoke, the helicopters are flying at an altitude of less than 750 feet. The choppers are discharging Marines in parking lots all over the city. Word is spreading that Army units are being airlifted from as far away as Fort Ord, in northern California. At two o'clock an old woman in West Hollywood hears the story and asks, "Are they going to make us stay here to die?"

The smoke descends to 500 feet—so much smoke that it can be seen easily in Santa Barbara, 91 miles to the north. Under the massive plume, which rises to

75,000 feet, the streets are as dark as night, headlights providing the only illumination. In some areas small fires have been extinguished or have burned themselves out, raising the hopes of local residents and some officials.

At 2:04 p.m. comes the first major aftershock—6.1 on the Richter scale. Already weakened by the first temblor, the famous twin towers of Century City, which overlook Beverly Hills, collapse like houses of cards. Downtown skyscrapers fall over like drunks. Out on the beach, in Santa Monica and Venice, thousands have fled to escape the acrid smoke. No one knows it yet, but the death toll is now more than 100,000. The smoke is so low that the helicopter rescue teams have abandoned the inner city. The choppers are coming in low over debris-ridden, still-waterless Santa Monica Bay to pick up people on the beach on a first-come, first-served basis. Personnel have been instructed to say nothing about a tidal wave: There are so many people on the beach that the inevitable panic would kill thousands more.

But once aloft over the ocean, the rescued get their first real look at what is happening to their city. Some small fires may have been put out, but in the South Bay, through the smoke, those who will live through America's greatest natural disaster in modern times can see an orange glow two miles in diameter.

A survivor of the bombing of Dresden, Germany, in World War II decides not to tell his fellow helicopter passengers what the glow is. Instead, he begins to whisper the Jewish prayer for the dead. He knows a firestorm when he sees one.

Known firestorms occurred not only in Dresden, but in Tokyo and Yokahama in March 1945 after incendiary bombing by Allied forces. A firestorm is a conflagration so big and so hot that it creates its own weather, drawing in air from all around it, radiating heat outward that ignites everything combustible and melting everything else, including human flesh. Puddles of humanity were found in Dresden's cellars.

Los Angeles's staggering death toll continues to mount.

\* \* \*

Small-arms fire can be heard popping all over the city—the police, military, looters, crazies letting go, homeowners hanging on to what they have. Law and order has vanished. All the warnings about an earthquake of this magnitude had told Angelenos that they would be on their own for 48 to 72 hours in the event of a killer quake. Now people are finding out exactly what those warnings really meant.

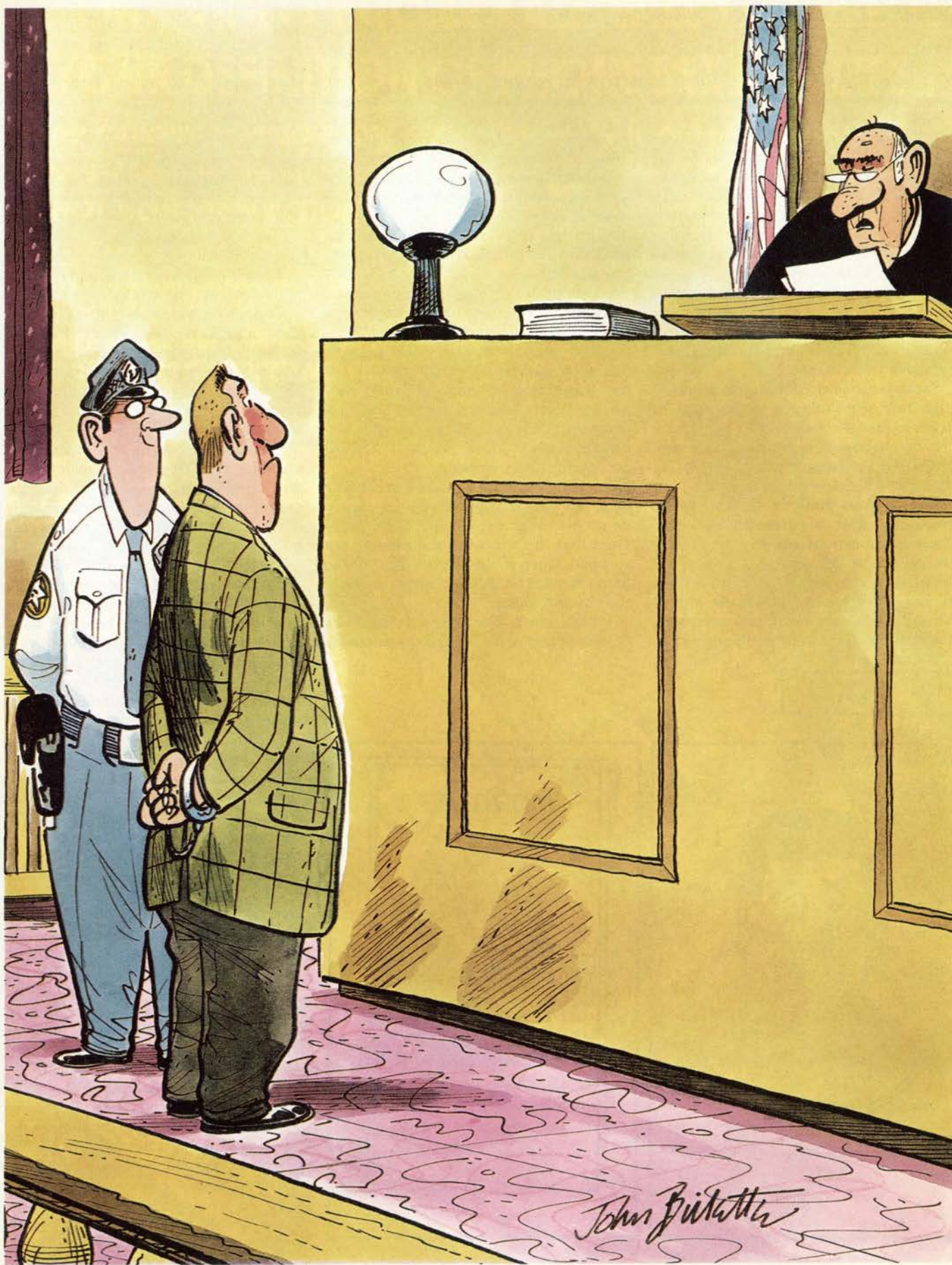
And at six o'clock on the first day, less than eight hours after the initial shock wave, City Hall is abandoned for good.

JANUARY HUSTLER



"Gee thanks, Mister! But don't I get to look at your dick first?"





"You have a choice of execution in this state, son. Hanging or smelling a bulldyke's cunt."



## EARTHQUAKE (continued from page 90)

*With over 100,000 known dead, more and more people are losing control. The situation is sheer chaos.*

No official announcement is made, for it is concluded by authorities that such an announcement would simply add to the general panic. No one can fail to notice the acrid stench in the smoke that's now everywhere, caused not only by now-airborne poisons, but also by burning human flesh. The firestorm that started in the South Bay communities is headed north, heating the ground before it to a temperature of 1,500°. Through the smoke, helicopter pilots have been able to glimpse buildings exploding like strings of firecrackers.

Sacramento and Washington acknowledge their own futility by urging local officials to save themselves. Few people notice the helicopters shuttling back and forth between the nearly demolished City Hall and 5,700-foot-high Mount Wilson in the Angeles National Forest, which overlooks most of the stricken area. There have been massive fires in the forest, caused by downed power lines, but the wind has carved the flames away from the site of the new command post. Mount Wilson has its own electrical generators, the transmitting towers for the radio sta-

tions in operation and, most important of all in these hours, it is secure. With over 100,000 known dead, more and more people are losing control of themselves. The situation is beyond anarchy—it is sheer chaos.

With less than two hours of daylight left, the decision is made to urge the thousands on the beach to head inland, even if it means risking the fire, to escape the returning tidal wave now estimated to wash ashore at around midnight. Helicopters equipped with loudspeakers begin to sweep the beach slowly, but shots are fired at them, and the overworked, distraught and angry pilots withdraw. Still, the message is received and people begin to move. Fortunately, most are too tired to stampede.

Fire officials want to make a stand. The least-affected area of the city appears to be the San Fernando Valley, and it is argued that the fire will be slowed, if not stopped, when it reaches the crest of the Santa Monica Mountains, which separate the city and Valley.

What's more, fire burns more slowly downhill, and at the foot of the northern

slope is the Los Angeles River, really a concrete flood-control channel, 50 feet wide and more than six miles long. The channel is dry now, and there's no time to dam and flood it, but it's a barrier. The decision is made to deploy the fire equipment on the north side of the channel.

"What about the 2 million people on the south side of the hill?" someone asks.

"It's Thursday," comes the answer. "Those who haven't gotten out by now will be lucky if we're able to get to them before Saturday morning."

\* \* \*

The 60-foot wave rolls across the beach at 11:45 p.m., up through the streets of the beach communities, inland for more than a mile in some places, flattening weakened structures in its path. The curious and unbelieving who had not left the shore are killed almost instantly, and thousands more who had thought they would be safe just yards from the sand are dashed against the few buildings still standing. The fire, much farther inland and more than ten miles in diameter, continues to illuminate everything with a murky orange light. The flames rage hundreds of feet in the air. Superheated firebrands the size of boxcars disappear into the smoke that now extends to the Arizona border. The world watches everything—helicopters bearing television cameras get as close as the heat allows—and only those who have witnessed war firsthand have seen carnage like this. Millions are weeping, millions more stupefied beyond tears.

In the San Fernando Valley, people watch the sky above the Hollywood Hills grow brighter as the flames approach. The air is relatively clear, if not exactly cool; ash rains down, some of it hot on the skin. A man cries out, "Come on, you bastard! Get it over with!"

The winds pick up, coming out of the north. This is the weather the fire creates, what the firefighters, thousands upon thousands of them now, have been counting on. The glow in the sky intensifies; smoke can be seen boiling skyward.

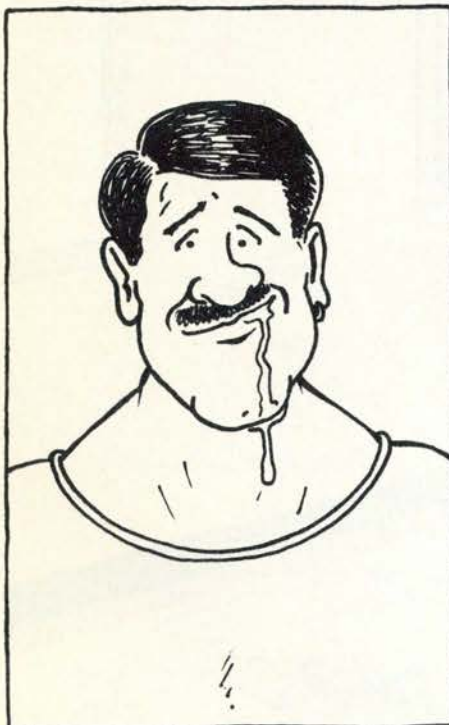
Then the flames appear here and there, spreading rapidly along the ridge, joining together until at last the fire stands like a wall of hell, 100 feet high, throwing sparks up into the wind howling into the fire and upward, out of sight.

In a few more minutes it's obvious that the flames are burning themselves out. Fires start on the northern slope, but they are controllable. It is at last only a matter of time. . . .

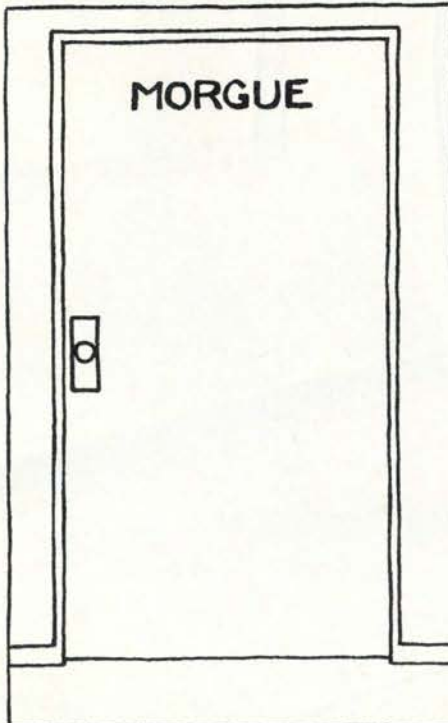
\* \* \*

With daylight the still-smoldering wreckage of the Los Angeles Basin can be seen by those who have the stomach for it. One hundred sixty square miles have been burned to the ground. There is

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AFTER



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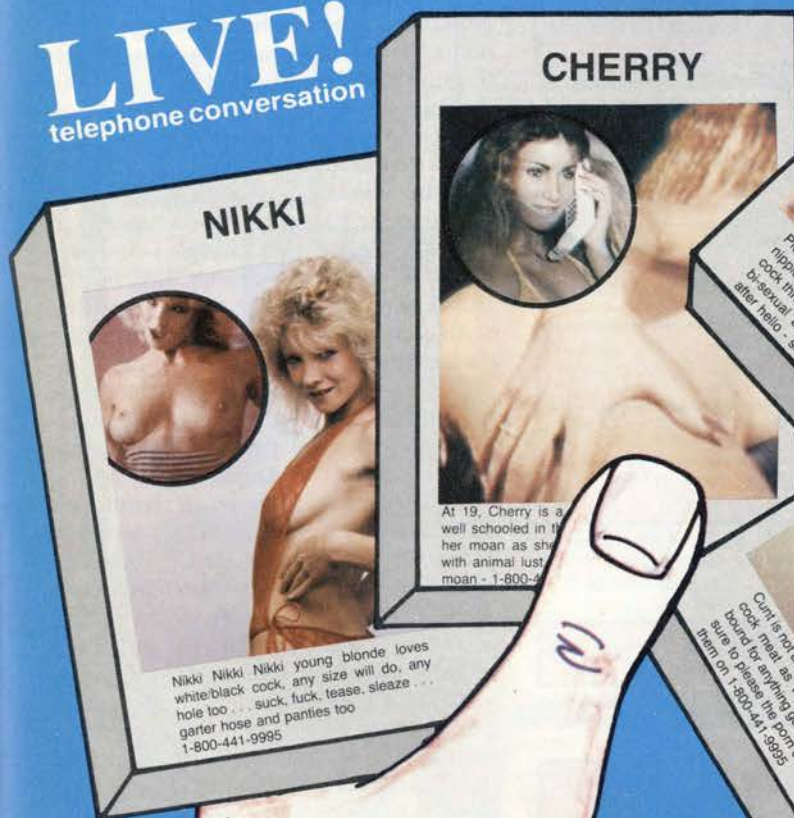
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Please Print

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Model's Social Security Number \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Hobbies \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer \_\_\_\_\_

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nothing to see but blackened mounds of ash, the metal skeletons of high-rises twisted into grotesque shapes, and bodies. The destruction is complete. Miles of coastline are under water, with more still slipping into the ocean, upon which floats what didn't burn, and more bodies than can be counted. The authorities move quickly to seal off the entire area. Later the death toll will be given as 400,000, but everyone knows it is higher, perhaps double the official number. Not only have whole families disappeared, but every trace that they ever existed. On Sunday, July 19, 1987, the President of the United States asks other nations for their help.

## EPILOGUE

Just after World War I, when movie legends Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were still married, they used to ride on horseback from their home in Beverly Hills to the ocean without passing a single house. The Los Angeles Basin was a sea of grass spotted with windswept oaks. In the summer of 1988 a commission of scientists and politicians unhappily concludes that what remains of that area must be returned to its original state. The land will never be stable, says their report.

Critics immediately charge a coverup. There is no mention, they say, of the 1933 Long Beach quake, which some theorists believe was caused by oil drilling under that city. No mention of the complaints for years of homeowners north of the Baldwin Hills that their land was sinking, or of the fire that emptied on the streets of West Los Angeles in the spring of 1985, when a leak from an abandoned oil well set off underground gas deposits. There is no mention of the building codes that served contractors and developers before public safety, or the failure of authorities to adequately prepare the population for the real danger it faced.

None of that matters to the future of Los Angeles. The several hundred thousand survivors who stayed are facing the fact that their city is finished. The big employers like aerospace, show business, banking and even the oil companies are relocating elsewhere. The moratorium on erecting structures of three stories or more has left thousands of construction workers unemployed. Tourism has all but disappeared. Not surprisingly, most people don't want to relive the nightmares they saw on television.

On May 4, 1992, there is another earthquake, actually an aftershock of L.A.'s Big One, 7.2 on the Richter scale. Almost six square miles of what had been Santa Monica slides into the ocean. There are only five fatalities, three miles offshore, when a fishing boat is swamped by the ensuing tidal wave.



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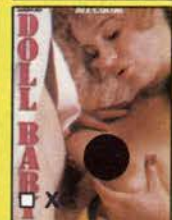


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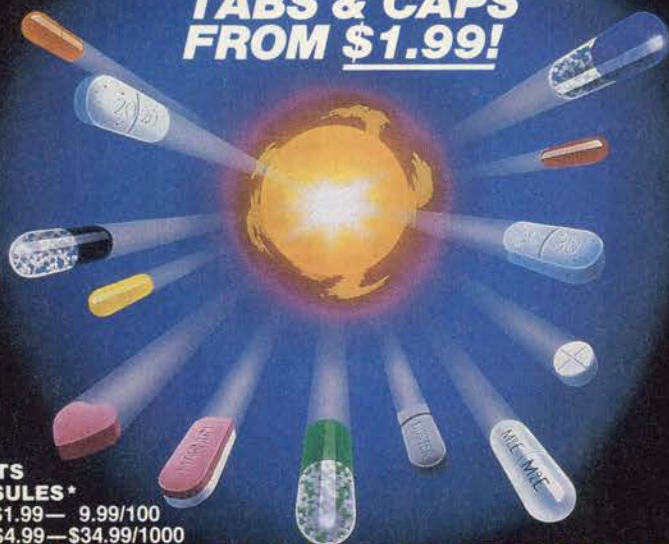
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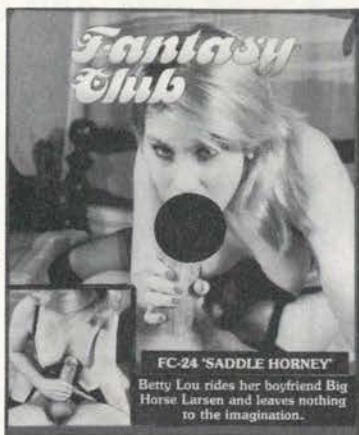
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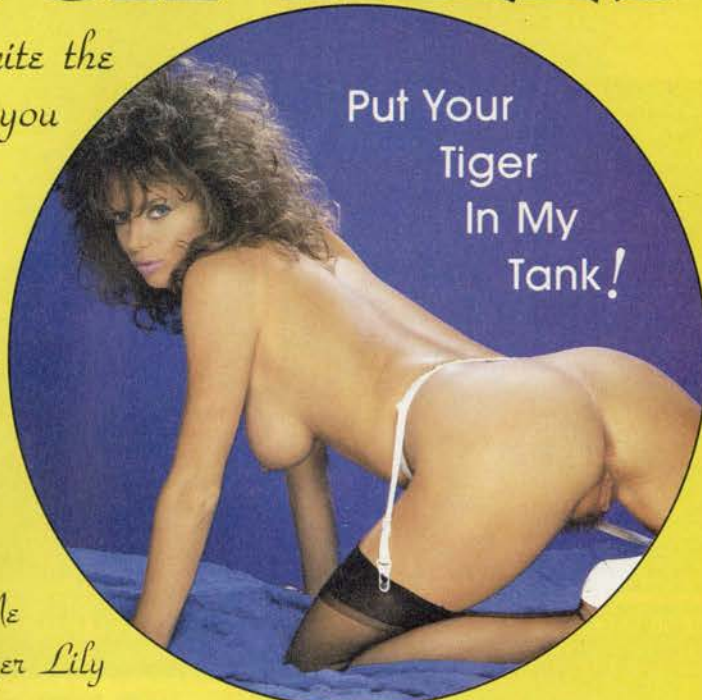
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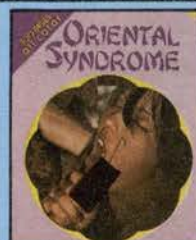
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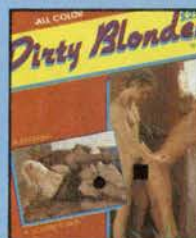
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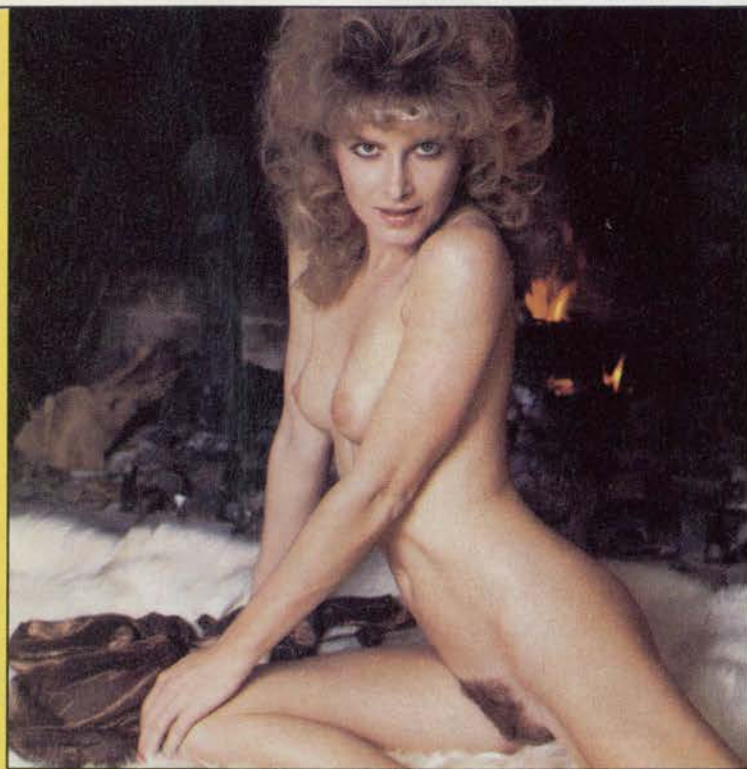
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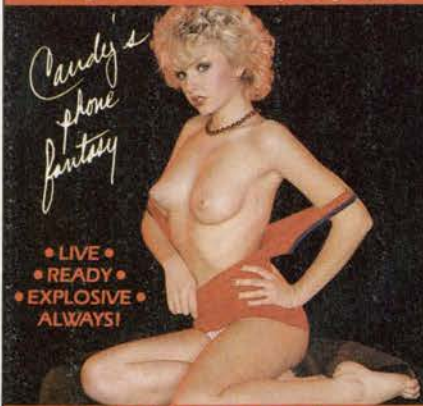
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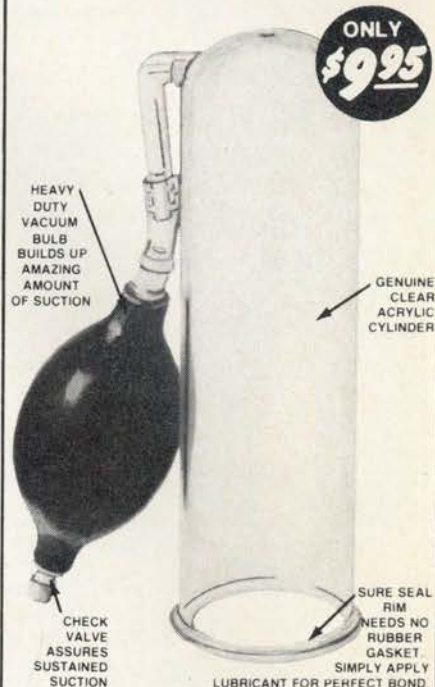
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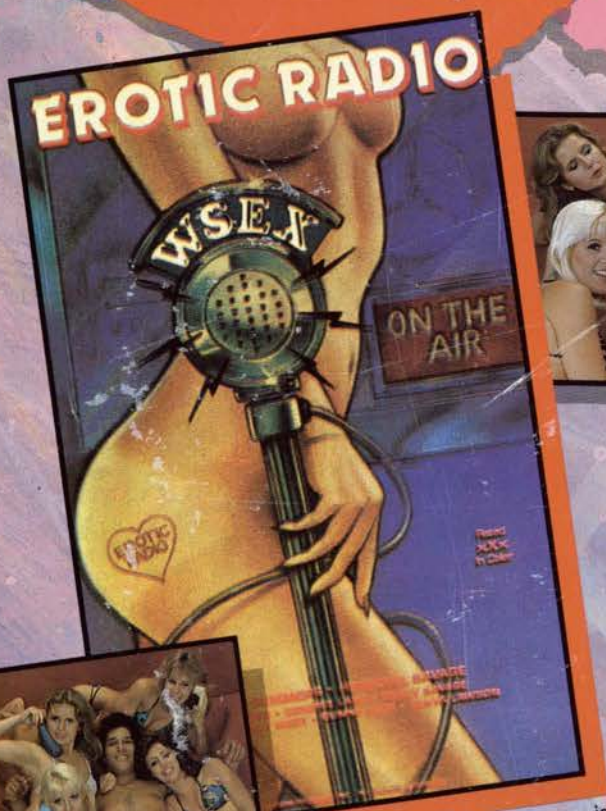






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